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PAK AMERICAN

Comment Of The Day

Blood Suckers

IN a case before the local courts this week Triad Society men have shown that there are no depths to which they cannot sink to make a dishonest dollar—even if it means bleeding their fellow men white! The three men sentenced were lucky to get away with only a year's gaol and it is surprising that no more serious charge was brought against them.

What must concern the Police is the extent of this racket. And behind it all looms another frightening question—how much lower will these people burrow to ensnare young people in their nefarious and sordid schemes? Sex parties of the kind that have brought shame to many Western capitals, are now being sponsored by the Triads. And undoubtedly the forthcoming Government report on the drug trade will show a growing infiltration there.

PIMPS, prostitutes and pickpockets are already in their clutches. This venomous underworld of protection and persecution grows to the alarming extent that membership now runs to as many as 400,000 people. Police say that possibly only 20,000 are active but here is an evil that is continually rearing its ugly head and defying the most determined attacks of the authorities.

Unfortunately the Police, like the Government and so many other people in Hongkong, are publicity shy. This is a pity because if the Triads are going to be beaten they have to be ruthlessly exposed first. The community has to know and recognise clearly this Public Enemy No. 1.

The recent talks by the Police on Triad influence on school children are a notable departure from the reluctance they usually observe. But not until this way of publicising the community's worst evils becomes a regular feature of their campaign, will the Police be using their most effective weapon against these parasitic supervivors.

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Ideal for economic catering in clubs, restaurants and homes.



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CONSULAR OFFICIAL'S DISCLOSURE TO CHINA MAIL U.S. MOVE AGAINST HK FIRM

Put On Treasury's Designated List

By A CHINA MAIL REPORTER

The U.S. Treasury has put the Hongkong firm of Office Appliance Co. (1955) Ltd., on the designated list, Mr Arthur Dornheim of the U.S. Consulate-General said late last night.

Mr Dornheim, Acting Special Representative for the Director of Foreign Assets Control Regulations, said this means that from now on no American companies can deal with the Hongkong firm.

American Satellite In Orbit

Washington, Aug. 7. The United States "Paddlewheel" satellite is in orbit and will probably remain there over a year, the National Aeronautics and Space Agency announced today.

The "Paddlewheel" will reach an apogee of 23,000 miles over South Africa at 20.00 GMT today, and a perigee of 140 miles at 01.33 GMT tomorrow, the agency announced today.

The agency stated that the small supplementary rocket destined to increase the satellite's speed at its perigee and raise it again, had not yet been released and was being saved for later need.

The satellite is transmitting clear signals.

TELEVIEWED VIEW

The new satellite will provide the first televised picture of the earth seen from outer space. It is equipped with a detector like a rudimentary television camera which can photograph the earth at a distance of 50 million miles.

The instruments which permit 15 different series of space observations aimed at preparing cosmic trips, are responding normally to directions from earth. Results of the signals are now being examined at Los Angeles and will be published as soon as possible.—APF.

The Office Appliance Co. are agents for 13 U.S. firms manufacturing a wide range of modern mechanised office appliances including dictaphones, photo-copying machines, mimeographs, addressographs, calculating machines, typewriters, recorders, time-stampers, checkwriters, and duplicators.

The U.S. Treasury Department took the action under the Foreign Assets Control Regulations.

Not Disclosed

The Office Appliance Co. Ltd., Hongkong, was put on the designated list on April 1, 1959, he said.

Mr Dornheim would not reveal what the Office Appliance Co. had done specifically to incur the designation.

He referred to two legislations in America.

★ The Export Control Act of 1940 which was administered by the American Department of Commerce, under which no U.S. goods are allowed for export to Communist China, "not even shoelaces or toothpaste."

★ The Foreign Assets Control Regulations which were issued under the authorities of the Trading With Enemy Act which was enforced on December 17, 1950.

"Since the Korean War," said Mr Dornheim, "the firms should have been familiar with the Foreign Assets Control and other regulations concerned."

"Firms do something in violation of the U.S. laws. Naturally they bear the consequence for it," he concluded.

No Comment

When contacted late last night, Mr C. C. Chow, Managing Director of the Office Appliance Co., said that he did not know exactly when his firm was put on the designated list.

Speaking on behalf of Mr C. C. Chow, his son, Mr P. S. Chow, said this morning he did not want to make any comment on the matter.

Bishop Bianchi Returns From Vatican Visit

Monsignor Lawrence Bianchi, Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong, returned here this morning by PAA after his Ad-Limina visit to the Vatican.

Bishop Bianchi was received in a private audience by Pope John XXIII on July 13. The audience lasted 20 minutes.

Following his visit to Rome, Bishop Bianchi made a short tour of Germany at the invitation of Cardinal J. Frings of Cologne. He later visited Paris and London.

Before returning here, Bishop Bianchi took a short rest near Brescia, northern Italy. He also went on a pilgrimage to Lourdes. Bishop Bianchi was met at the airport by a large number of Roman Catholic clergy and nuns.

EXPENSIVE BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

Torquay, Aug. 7. A luxury hotel was out \$300 today for a busman's holiday. Officials said the driver of a local bus checked into the hotel with his wife and children, representing himself as a wealthy tourist. The father was absent all day, but the family lived high, wide and handsome, and he joined the fun every night.

He was finally recognised at the wheel of his bus by a hotel waiter.

The driver's name was withheld and court action suspended while he attempts to settle the bill.—UPI.

NOW THEY'RE GUARDING THE GUARDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

London, Aug. 7. London Bobbies guarded the guards at Buckingham Palace today.

It was the latest move to protect them from an invading army of summer tourists.

British citizens, meanwhile, called for even sterner measures, such as fencing the guards in or the tourists out so they can no longer be "pushed, prodded, and humiliated" by crowds that come to see them on duty in front of the Queen's London residence.

The guardsmen always have been plagued with giggling, sniggering, camera-clicking tourists. By tradition they can offer no defence but must stand, sphinx-like, and smile, even when someone sticks his tongue out at them or slides up alongside of them to pose for a snapshot.

BOAC GRANTED GLOBAL JET SERVICE PERMIT

Washington, Aug. 7. President Eisenhower today approved British Overseas Airways Corporation's long-sought application to operate a global jet service from Tokyo to the United States.

The unanimous findings of the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board in favour of Boac was signed by the President without comment.

The British airline will now be able to fly its jet aircraft through New York, San Francisco, and Honolulu to Tokyo.

In Public Interest
The five-man board declared that it was "in the public interest" to amend Boac's foreign air carrier permit to operate the new service across the Pacific.

It said that Boac was found "to be fit, willing, and able properly to perform such air transportation."

The Boac application had been strongly opposed in hearings by Northwest Airlines, one of the two major U.S. airlines operating in the Pacific. It had "not" been contested by Pan American Airways, the other big U.S. Pacific operator.

After a preliminary hearing early in April, an examiner asked the board to reject the Boac application, but the full Board, as a result of a public hearing on April 23, overturned the examiner's recommendation.

The Board's unanimous decision was forwarded secretly to the White House and not made public until today when Mr Eisenhower's approval was announced.

The provision for Boac to fly to Tokyo was made under a 1946 bilateral air services agreement between Britain and the United States, but until today Boac had not had a carrier's permit to operate the service.—Reuter.

Three German tourists tried to snatch a hair from a bearskin hat and were promptly banished. So intent were the crowds on heckling and picture-taking that they hardly noticed the Queen and the Royal Family leaving the palace in a limousine to start a vacation.

"Pushed, prodded, humiliated—why should our soldiers have to put up with this kind of treatment?" the Daily Sketch asked in an editorial today. "Guards are not there to amuse visitors... after what happened to one whose boot got in the way of an American woman, they have to watch their step literally. "We must put a stop to these shameful scenes."—UPI.

BILLY WRIGHT TO QUIT FOOTBALL

London, Aug. 7. Billy Wright, Captain of Wolves football team is to quit competitive football, the Newcastle Chronicle reported today.

The 34-year-old star footballer who has competed in 105 international matches, told the newspaper that the time had almost certainly arrived for him to retire from football.

He plans to make his retirement officially known several days before the opening of the new season.—APF.

£500,000 Of Hemp Found On Vessel

Liverpool, Aug. 7. Customs inspectors today found a second large quantity of Indian hemp on board the 5,800-ton British freighter Yoma which arrived here two days ago from Burma by way of Antwerp.

Today's discovery followed an earlier one in which £100,000 worth of hemp was found. The new discovery was made 15 minutes before the vessel sailed for her next port of call, Glasgow, and brings the estimated total value of the seized hemp to £500,000.

SHIP SEALED

Because of the urgency for the ship to sail on the day, the holds were sealed and the ship was allowed to go on. Customs men will begin a new inspection of the vessel when she sails into Glasgow tomorrow morning.

A senior customs officer said there seemed little doubt that a powerful organisation was behind the shipment.

Most of the packages found here weigh only about 12 ounces, but a few weigh between three-and-a-half and four pounds.—Reuter.

AT 84—FATHER FOR FIRST TIME

Blackpool, Aug. 7. An 84-year-old man here has become a father for the first time, it was learned today.

The father, Mr Fred Hopworth, said his 43-year-old wife Sarah had given birth to an eight-pound, two-ounce boy.

"I had given up hoping," he added, "I reckon I am the oldest father in Lancashire and the proudest."—Reuter.

Khrushchev's Way Of Killing Bedbugs

Washington, Aug. 7. Mr Nikita Khrushchev gave Mr Richard Nixon's interpreter some difficult moments during their exchanges in Moscow recently.

The interpreter, 35-year-old Alexander Akalovsky, who accompanied the Vice-President on his tour of the Soviet Union, told about one incident during the famous "kitchen debate" at the U.S. exhibition.

In ridiculing the gadgets in the kitchen, Mr Khrushchev said: "The best way to get rid of bedbugs is to pour hot water in their ears." Mr Akalovsky said to translate it as: "Why use simple methods when you can use complicated ones?"

A BAD TIME
Mr Akalovsky, the State Department's top Russian interpreter, said in an interview that Mr Nixon also gave him a bad time with a compliment to the "pioneer spirit of Novosibirsk," one of the Siberian towns they visited. Mr Akalovsky said that the word "pioneer" in Russian has come to mean a rough equivalent to boy scout. So he interpreted Mr Nixon as complimenting Novosibirsk on the "spirit of conquering new horizons."

PITFALLS
Mr Akalovsky, who was born in Yugoslavia, explained that pitfalls were always possible in his job. He recalled that some years ago he almost broke up a student's meeting when translating a Soviet speaker's plea for banning nuclear weapons "so the people of the world can rest in peace."—Reuter.

BACARDI Carta Blanca RUM



"BACARDI COCKTAIL"
1 measure Bacardi Rum
Juice of 1/2 lime (or lemon)
2 dashes Grenadine Syrup
Shake well with cracked ice and strain.

Imported by: CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO. LTD.
2 Charter Road, H.K.

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thrice weekly to EUROPE TOKYO INDIA

Check these advantages—

- * SUPER-G. CONSTELLATION speed and Radar comfort.
- * Choice of First and Tourist Class.
- * Every First Class seat a SLUMBERETTE.

AIR-INDIA International

KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY

2 SHOWS DAILY

At 2.30 & 7.30 p.m. || At 2.30 & 8.00 p.m.

INTACT! UNCUT! SEE IT WITH YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY!

Masterpiece of all motion pictures!



"THE GREATEST MOVING PICTURE I HAVE EVER SEEN!"
—Walter Winchell

"A FILM OF REVERENT AND MASSIVE MAGNIFICENCE!"
—Life Magazine

CECIL B. DEMILLE'S THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

CHARLTON HESTON • YUL BRYNNER • ANNE BAXTER • EDWARD G. ROBINSON
YVONNE DE CARLO • PAGET BREWSTER • DEBRA JOHNSON • JUDITH ANAND • VINCENT PRICE

Hardwick • Foch • Scott • Anderson • Price
A Paramount Picture • TECHNICOLOR

Admission: Logo & Dress Circle \$4.70
Back Stall \$3.50 Front Stall \$2.00
Special Prices for Students & Servicemen:
Logo & Dress Circle \$3.50
Back Stall \$2.40

PLEASE BOOK EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS AT REDUCED PRICES

Gregory Peck • Boderick Crawford in
"NIGHT PEOPLE" in CinemaScope & Color
To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. Feature-length Color Cartoon
"THE ANIMAL FARM"
To-morrow At 12.30 p.m. Marlon Brando & Jean Simmons in "DESIREE" CinemaScope & Color

KING'S

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT REDUCED PRICES

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M Presents
"A PROGRAMME OF TOM & JERRY & VARIETY CARTOONS"

HOOVER GALA

—NOW PLAYING—
TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.

M-G-M's Story of an Interrupted Honeymoon!



Special Matinee At Reduced Admission To-morrow.

Gala Theatre at 11.00 a.m. 20th Century-Fox COLOR CARTOONS
Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m. Clifford Webb • Dorothy McGuire in "3 COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN"
Hoover Theatre at 12.00 noon Ingrid Bergman • Joseph Cotten in "UNDER CAPRICORN" directed by Alfred Hitchcock

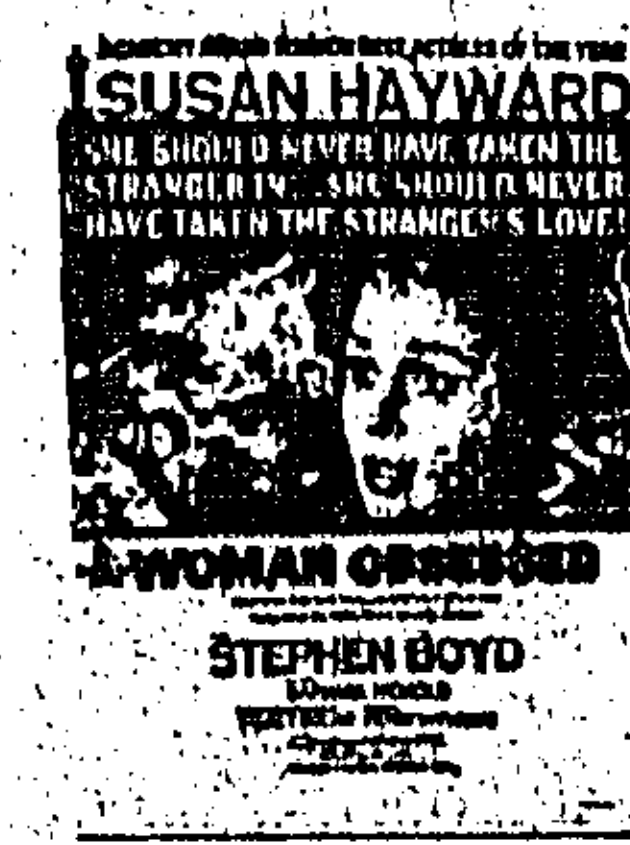
ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TODAY The book that rocked & Confronts is a fantastic plot on the screen.



Morning Show To-morrow 12.30 "THE COURT JESTER"

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Morning Show To-morrow 12.30 "LITTLE WOMEN" (In Color)

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

"COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS," (Hoover and Gala), is a film version of Nancy Mitford's book, "The Blessing." It is as sophisticated as a chromium plated bar selling fruit juice as high priced cocktails; for indeed, although the story is flimsy stuff, the superb cast turn out a highly polished, intriguing piece of entertainment.

It is capital light fare, just the evening you will enjoy in an air conditioned cinema, and not much on your mind. The story has Deborah Kerr as an aristocratic Englishwoman meet up with Rossano Brazzi, a French flying officer of a wealthy family. The time is World War II, and the setting, war time London.

But for the French, one was leads to another, and as a result, Brazzi is away a long time, during which his son grows up, and does his best to separate his mother and father.

The added from the nipper are quite amusing, although he gets elaborate presents when the mother would be more to the point, or to the rear, say.

The film cozes feminine appeal by cunningly using the small boy as an excuse for introducing intriguing commentary on the habits of the rich and cultured French male. On the other hand, the film makes its point without hampering sex, or giving us one of those behind the hand sniggers, that to me, at any rate, are more scruffy than a dozen Brigitte Bardot shows.

Made in Technicolor, and filmed in CinemaScope, the scenes of Paris and London exteriors and interiors are beautiful.

Deborah Kerr is just right as the blue blooded Englishwoman, Grace. Although she is not dazzlingly gorgeous, so much so that most women will have to see the film twice; once to examine Miss Kerr's wardrobe; and the second time just to see the film.

Rossano Brazzi, as Captain Charles-Edmond de Hallubert is the romantic figure many of us remember pushing aside the blackout curtains of Shepherd's, and later in Paris, just right among the crumpled family heirlooms, where he pursues his pre-war hobby of chasing girls.

There is, of course, the wicked uncle in the story, and who better than Maurice Chevalier, who can still coo the birds out of the trees.

Young Martin Stephens is the cause of all the trouble, and he is a refreshing change from some of the wise-cracking, snarling little brutes we've had of late. I put this down as a spicy piece of fun; or if you don't like spice, a soothing, tickling, exhilarating dry champagne.

DeMille was a showman, who knew what the public wanted, and he gave it to them. In every sense, he was a success for he accomplished what he set out to do. I admit that, and admire him for it, but that does not necessarily mean I enjoyed any one film. DeMille made a new whole family, with high lights given to the dog and cat.

Alfred Hitchcock gave us the first film, made from a plot based upon John Buchan's thriller, and this present version maintains all the high spots of the original script. Ralph Thomas directs the film now on show, and he is certainly trending where angels fear to tread when he remakes a Hitchcock vintage piece.

Kenneth More takes the original Donat role, that of Richard Hannay, and this time we see in colour the escape from the train while it is crossing the Forth Bridge.

Buchan rarely wrote feminine roles in his thrillers, but both the original and this version introduce a role to be played opposite the male lead.



Rossano Brazzi, Deborah Kerr and Maurice Chevalier in "Count Your Blessings," showing at the Hoover and Gala.

The book has the 39 steps as a place; the film has it a code, and while it is not fair to hint at the punchy climax, I feel that the film is an improvement on the original Buchan plot. So there it is, a really good colourful thriller, not Hitchcock, but Thomas, but a good evening's fun just the same.

★ ★ ★ THIS weekend sees a re-turn of "The Ten Commandments," the record breaking film, which is showing at the King's and Princess.

So much has been written about this film, there seems little to add, save that in spite of the scorn poured upon it by reviewers everywhere, the public, with its usual disregard for the advice, scorn, and cheap wit of the pen, has paid more through the cash box to see "Ten Commandments" than ever to any previous film.

The point is, the late Cecil B. DeMille had his hand on the public pulse as none other had or has. It was all very well to talk about anachronisms, glancing at the real scene, or Caesar's talking like a bowery bum; in a sense all this was true. But what DeMille knew was, how to make the man who continually derides film, and screams at the public for being foolish, is not only a fool himself but a bore.

DeMille was a showman, who knew what the public wanted, and he gave it to them. In every sense, he was a success for he accomplished what he set out to do. I admit that, and admire him for it, but that does not necessarily mean I enjoyed any one film. DeMille made a new whole family, with high lights given to the dog and cat.

I am not here to debate, but to review in the light of enter-

tainment, and I could be sure that if Todd or DeMille were on the job, the box office would be busy. But there was much I liked about "The Ten Commandments," the ark in the bullrushes scene, for instance, the very magnitude of the building of the treasure city. I did not like the striking out of the Ten Commandments, but I did like the scene when Charlton Heston turned aside to talk with Jahweh.

★ ★ ★ But millions of people everywhere have paid their shillings, dollars, francs, and marks, to see this film, and doubtless many in this Colony will count it worth while to have a second look.

★ ★ ★ "BULLWHIP" (Star and Metropole) is an all action film placed in the days

of the Frontier West. It gives both Guy Madison and Rhonda Fleming plenty of opportunity to meet with excitement.

Madison comes along with quite a good performance as a convict who escapes the death penalty after fulfilling the unusual request of a judge to marry a young woman who must have a husband in order to receive a large inheritance.

Miss Fleming, as the girl who takes over a large trading business and emerges as a fiery young woman, not at all adverse to lashing out with a bullwhip, is quite adequate.

Filmed in CinemaScope and Colour by De Luxe, full use is made of some of California's most spectacular scenery.

FILM BRIEFS

I have just this minute come from a preview that was extraordinary in every way.

Previews are an early showing of a film in order to allow the trade to have a look at coming events, and incidentally, to see whether they want to show the film or not; but this was different.

Make a note of the film now; "The Golden Age of Comedy." It is a museum piece, but the copies are remarkably clear. It is scenes from the films that made the world laugh between the years 1910 to 1935.

Admittedly I like a good laugh, and by laugh, I mean laugh, I came out of the Roxy quite helpless.

There on the screen were such old time favourites as Laurel and Hardy, Will Rogers, Jean Harlow as the stooge of Laurel and Hardy, Charley Chase, and others. And what got me laughing more than anything?

A scene when Laurel and Hardy stopped outside a baker's shop; the van driver got pie in the eye, and that led to a whole orgy of pie throwing. I have said before in this column that we never get a really prolonged burst of laughter at the pictures nowadays.

Not that it is just seeing a person stop a fruit pie with his face, but rather the expression on his face. One man lying back in a barber's chair, a ritz old lady, gazing from the window of her saloon car.

The indignant surprise of it all. And Stan Laurel, the author of the pastry epic as innocent as a lamb.

Rated the best comedy ever, that is by laugh count, was "Two Tars" which is included in this cavalcade of fun. This has Laurel and Hardy again, in one of the first traffic snarls, with Edgar Kennedy doing his first controlled rage act. Laugh! I thought I would never stop. Mark it down a must see, for the laugh of your life.

"The Diary of Anne Frank," soon to be seen here, had a wonderful send-off at the Carlton in the Haymarket. They adopted a plan that should have been in operation long ago, that of playing to separate houses, and making every seat bookable.

A strange thing about Hong-kong is, the psychological films or those to do with the deep tortuous ways of sex, drop dead here. Why I say that is, "Middle of the Night" just managed to stay on its feet at the King's and Princess, whereas at the Odeon, Marble Arch, it was strongly supported by high class audiences.

Psychological? I was thinking in particular of "Three Faces of Eve" which fell down at the Roxy and Broadway. The film which placed Joanne Woodward on the film map.

The Rank Organisation have a good gimmick in London tied up with "Perry to Hongkong." It works like this. Suppose you are a busy man surrounded by telephones, and you are taking a call when another comes through, you just rest your phone on the cradle, and it plays the theme song from the film, until you lift it again, and are prepared to continue.

Of course, the hot weather always gives the box office the knock in England, but even so, "Perry to Hongkong" is not doing well. I hate to say "this you see!"

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Bullwhip" (Star and Metropole) is an all action film placed in the days

of the youngsters. Dorothy McGuire and Fess Parker, LEE & ASTOR: "The 39 Steps." Buchan's thriller remade in Eastman Colour. The film retains much of the Hitchcock script, and works up to a smashing climax. The thriller for this week. Kenneth More and Taina Elg. PRINCESS: "The Ten Commandments." Return visit of Cecil B. DeMille's last film. This film has broken records everywhere, and as a spectacle, is great entertainment. Charlton Heston as Moses, supported by a star cast. Technicolor and Vista-Vision.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Holiday for Lovers." A grand colourful tour of Sicily, Sicily, and Sicily, with Clifton Webb, Jane Wyman, Jill St John and Carol Lynley. Light bright, splashy and sexy days. CinemaScope and Colour by De Luxe.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Girl in the Red Coat." A film following the down to earth atmosphere of "The Bicycle Thieves," and "White Rice." KING'S & PRINCESS: "John Paul Jones," a Warner Bros. Production, starring Robert Stack, Marjorie Parker, and Charles Coburn. Technicolor.

COMING

STAR & METROPOLE: "Around the World in Eighty Days." Return date with Mike Todd's spectacular film, based on the Jules Verne novel. Scenic splendour, catchy theme song, big screen and colour, plus Stereophonic Sound. David Niven.

HOOVER & GALA: "Gone With the Wind." Return of the sensational American Civil War epic, with the greatest cast ever assembled for any single film. Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, and Olivia de Havilland.

Lee Astor

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE RANK ORGANISATION PRESENTS
THE GREATEST STORY OF ALL TIME
KENNETH MORE-TAINA ELG
"THE 39 STEPS"



LEE: Added Attraction

MISS JAPAN WINS '59 CROWN

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE ASTOR THEATRE
At 11.00 a.m. At 11.00 a.m.
M.G.M.'S M.G.M.'S
CARTOONS CARTOONS
At 12.00 p.m. At 12.30 p.m.
A & C MEET NEVER SAY
THE CAPTAIN KID GOOD-BYE

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd GLORIOUS WEEK
NOW SHOWING THE 9th DAY!
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.45 P.M.



ADDED ATTRACTION: Walt Disney's "PORTUGAL" in CINEMASCOPE & COLOR

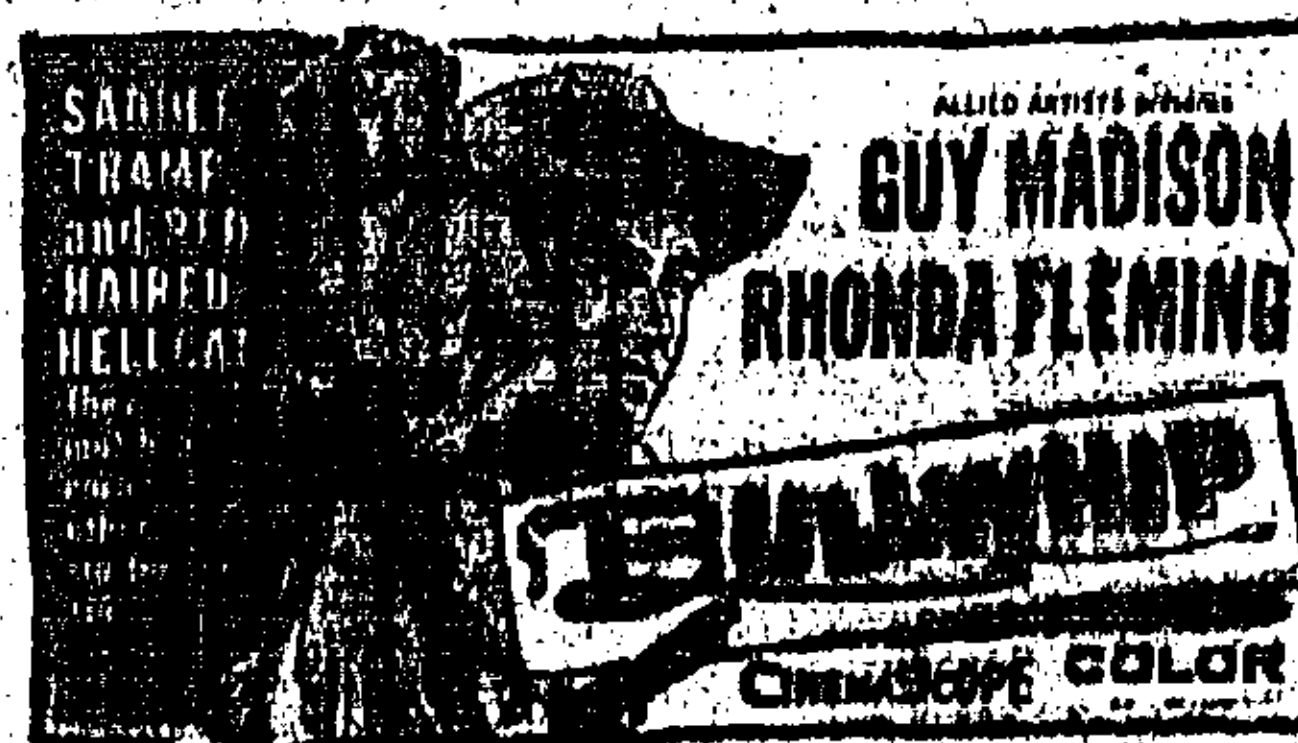
BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performances of "OLD YELLER" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.

20th Century-Fox presents In CinemaScope & Color
"BERNARDINE" LATEST M. G. M. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
Starring: Pat Boone Terry Moore

STAR METROPOLE

★ GRAND OPENING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



BOOK EARLY!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
PARAMOUNT LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
UNIVERSAL

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
BOB HOPE DEAN MARTIN
EVA MARIE SAINT JERRY LEWIS

"THAT CERTAIN FEELING" In VistaVision & Color "S.O.S." In VistaVision & Color



STATE

— SHOWING TO-DAY —
At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20
& 9.30 P.M.

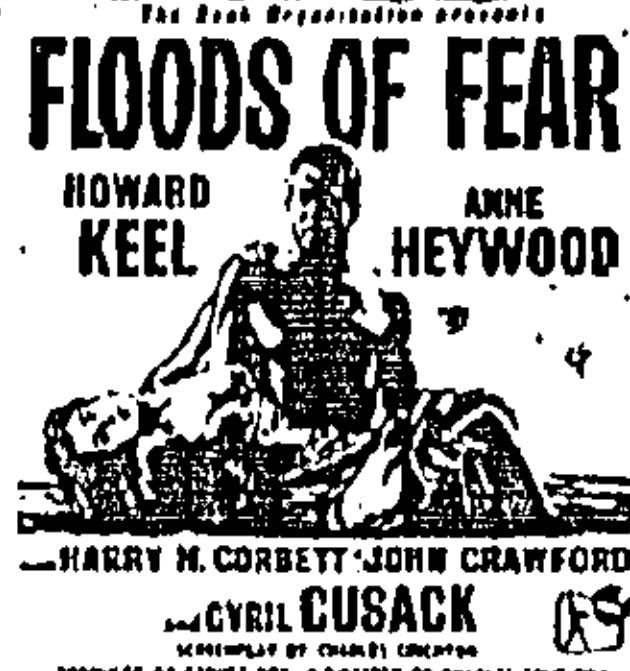
Motion Picture & General
Investment Co. Ltd. presents



Starring
Peter Chen Ho
Yeh Feng

RITZ CINEMA

HELD OVER TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

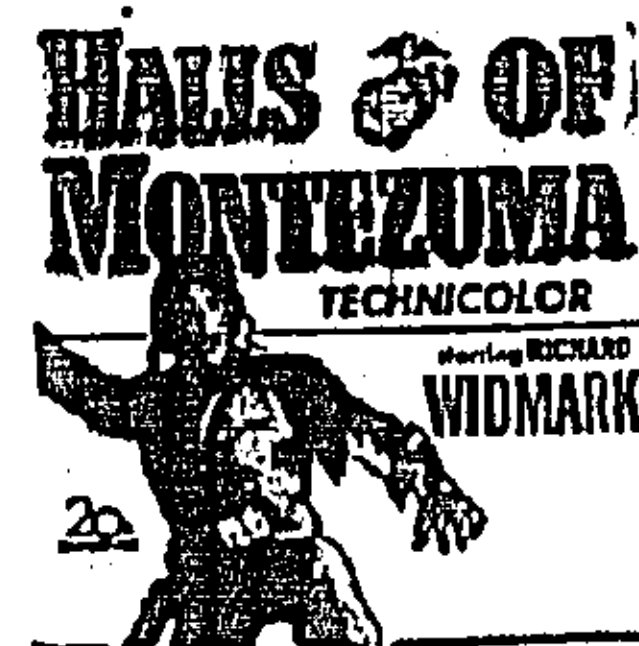


To-Morrow Morning Show
At 10.45 a.m.
"7 MEN FROM NOW"

At 12.30 p.m.
"CONGO CROSSING"

CAPITOL

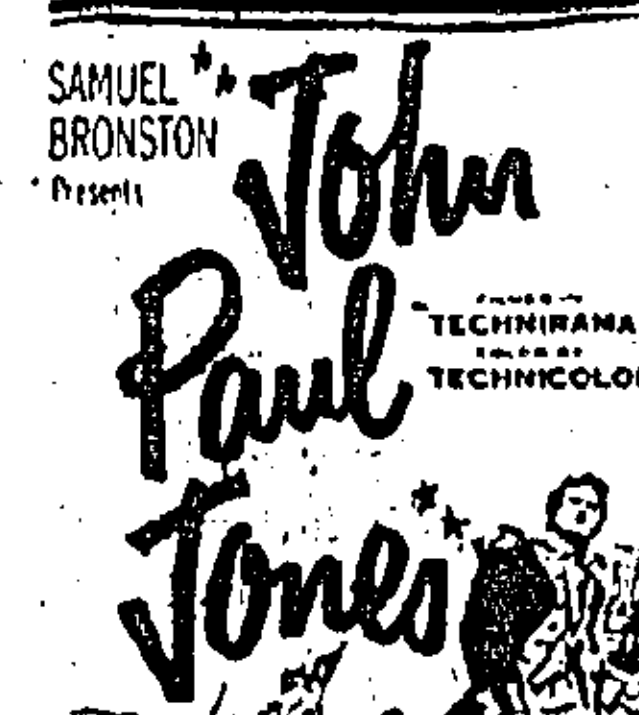
SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



To-Morrow Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m.
U.I. COLOR CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m.
ROCK HUDSON in
"WRITTEN ON THE WIND"

COMING SOON!
AT
KING'S & PRINCESS



A name... a battle cry...
a mighty motion picture!

Starring ROBERT STACK • MARISA PAVAN
CHARLES COBURN • ERIN O'BRIEN
JEAN PIERRE AUMONT • DAVID FARRAR
PETER CUSHING • SUSANA CANALES
and a host of others • BETTE DAVIS • JAMES CAGNEY

Directed by SAMUEL BRONSTON
Starring JOHN FARRAR • JESSE LASKY
and a host of others • JAMES CAGNEY

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Britain's Millionaires

Rough And Tumble
Economic Climb
In Post War Years

London.
You won't have to have a million dollars to be a millionaire in Britain.
Britain has 45 officially recognised millionaires, according to the income tax people. But in Britain a millionaire is generally accepted as someone who has an annual income of £100,000 or more.

The exact number of millionaires and the amounts of their fortunes in this country are still secrets hidden in the complicated maze of financial hocus-pocus.

Most of the big money in Britain is tied up in family fortunes but in contrast to pre-war years, the number is increasing of men who have managed to carve out a financial empire in the post-war rough and tumble economic climb.

The names of the country's landed aristocracy seldom appear among the names of the millionaires. But financial experts discount this.

Burying Fortunes

The families manage to keep their wealth by burying their traditional fortunes in companies or in trust funds and although some of them were hard hit in the lean post-war era, few of them have ended up living on a crash budget.

Recently the mystery person who paid US\$770,000 for Rothen's painting of "The Adoration of the Magi" convinced some financial kibitzers that the wealth of Britain is still here—even though buried deeper than ever.

Nevertheless the pendulum of wealth has swung toward the get-rich-quick businessmen.

Britain has the highest income tax in the world, but there is no tax on capital gains. On top of the high income tax the man in the street pays a "purchase tax" that rockets by approximately one third the

prices on retail goods such as cigarettes, cars and refrigerators.

Top Rung

Despite the absence of any official reckoning of wealth in the country there are some persons whose holdings automatically place them on the top financial rung.

Foremost among these is the Royal Family, most of whose untold millions are invested in real estate.

Sir John Ellerman, who inherited a half billion dollars from his father and whose fortune still multiplies lives in a house surrounded by a brick wall and barbed wire. Sir John, famous for his seclusion, lives close and spends his time studying recent life.

Shipping still provides fruitful grounds for potent millionaires in Britain. Lord Howard de Walden, whose family had its first fortune made before he was born, came into £24,000,000.

He managed to multiply this by streamlining the family's passenger ships and then giving his wife a free hand in designing the ships' interior.

Lord Nuffield started his add to the wealth of his grandfather Westman Pearson, who built the five huge tunnels that burrow under the rivers of New York, and keeps it by putting it in trust.

Lord Nuffield, started his business life as a mechanic in a bicycle shop. From bicycles he went on to a garage of his own, and then to cars and a fortune.

Nose To Grindstone

Max Joseph, ex-army corporal put his nose to the grindstone and collected several million pounds in real estate including a million pounds profit on a hotel recently.

Billy Butlin decided the British needed more resorts along their coasts, and made a million providing tired Brits with relaxation.

Butlin started out selling cigarettes at a carnival. Two brothers, Cecil and John Moores, born in the slums of Liverpool, started out with about £300 and catapulted the investment in sponsoring football pools and then ready-made clothes into one of the country's biggest fortunes.

The struggle for wealth and power in Britain most recently has been portrayed in the "take over" bids that have rocked the rarified atmosphere of high finance.

Business giants, most of them self-made, have tried—some of them successfully—to take over well-established businesses. For months British newspapers have been reporting in the big headlines the ventures of financial wizards who have attempted to take over breweries, department stores and investment firms.—UPI

Jim Scott
Likes To
Have His
Car Stolen

London.
JIM Scott likes to have his car stolen. He got it back with a new coat of paint, new bumpers, dent-out fenders, and a tuned-up engine.

Jim's 1954 Vauxhall was taken and abandoned in a London square. A garage man went to the same square with orders to pick up and repair a similar car. He found Scott's and put it in shape. Garage owner Ronald Spencer says he will not charge Scott the £40 it cost to get his car right. And he is still looking for the car his man was supposed to fix.—UPI

HIVE OF COUNTRY INDUSTRY



Still practicing his traditional craft is 70-year-old Mr. H. W. Fastman of North Walsham, Norfolk, an expert in reed thatching and rush work. Many of his products have been accepted by the Royal Family. He is seen here making a beehive in rush, a type now used mainly for decoration.—Reuterphoto.

WHEN IT COMES TO ADVERTISING

Who Says The
British Have No
Sense Of Humour

London.

A pun, as everyone knows, is the lowest form of humour. In Britain, it is one of the highest forms of advertising.

Britain is studded with advertising slogans using plays on words and puns which could as accurately be described as atrocious.

Some are already familiar in the United States. The ex-naval type in a big brown beard has for years been extolling "Schweppervescence" and the slogan "Thirsty? Take the necessary Schweppes" in U.S. newspaper and magazine ads.

EXAMPLES

But it is in Britain itself that the punny business reaches some kind of climax. A few of the examples:

• Smedley's Frozen Foods brazenly claims in signs on its distributing trucks that they peddle "The best food you ever thaw."

• The Younger Brewing Company sells a beer under the company name. "OI," says its advertising slogan. "To be 101 and getting a little Younger every day."

• Wallace Heaton Ltd sells cameras and processes snapshots as well. Its ad boasts without a hint of apology, "Our business is still developing—and printing."

ADVERTISING

What has raised the lowly pun to the dignity of high-powered advertising in Britain is difficult to say. The country is not particularly pun-struck, except perhaps in that peculiar entertainment phenomenon known as British farce. There is no Peter de Vries to make the pun U or exalt its generally-accepted status in the level of humour.

But as any London visitor can testify, puns sprout on the looming crimson cliffs of bus sides with a frequency—and at a level—which can be excruciating to a lover of English as it should be spoken.

WORST OFFENDERS

Beer companies, for intoxicating reasons, seem to be the worst offenders. Guinness for years featured in its ads a contented nest of Toucans, the big-beaked South American birds whose connection with stout is tenuous at best. Its slogan: "See what one or two Toucans do."

A popular brand of beer in southern England is Courage. Its makers relentlessly exploit every opportunity to exhort the drinker of low resistance to "Take Courage."

Popularisers of Fremlin's Elephant ale, despairing of a pun about pachyderms, show a slightly tippler leading an elephant with a snoutful over the slogan, "Take home an Elephant To-night."

Watney-Mann Brewing Company does little to browbeat

and well-muscled Mr. Universes to emphasize that it sells "a Mann's beer."

How all this jibes with the tradition (a wildly inaccurate one by the way) that the British have a dry, wry sense of humour, if any at all, is again difficult to say.

But sense of humour or no, industry after industry, from cigarettes to cars to candy bars, is close behind the beer people in the rampant production of puns that pay.—UPI

LAST 2 DAYS

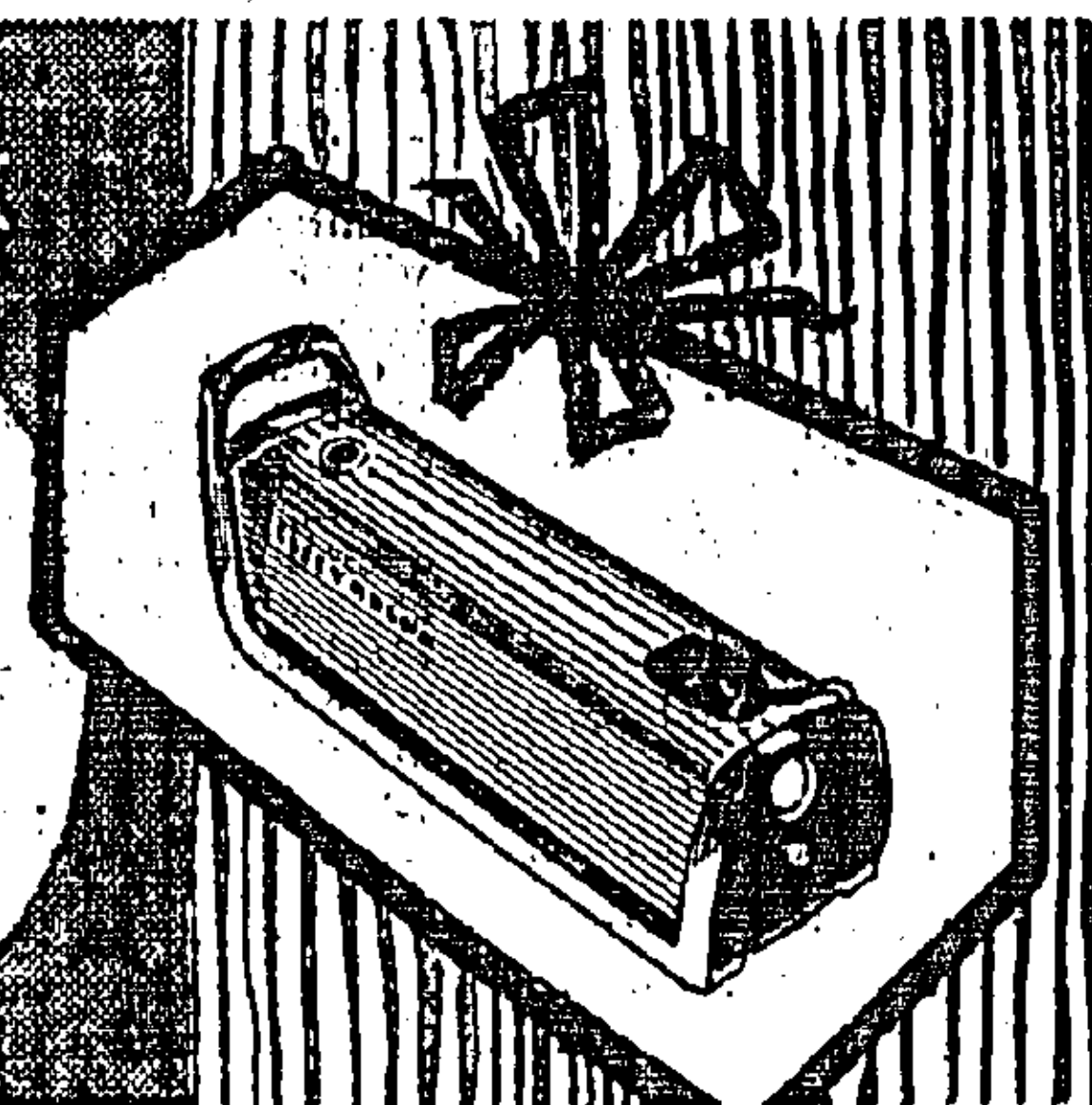
SINCERE'S
SUMMER
SALE

LOT OF SPECIAL BARGAINS STILL
AVAILABLE FOR YOUR SELECTION

TILL AUGUST 9

ELECTROLUX

present
MOD-
70
the
new
superb
VACUUM
CLEANER



Sole Agents: SHEWAN TOMES & CO. LTD. 9 ICE HOUSE STREET, 4th FLOOR
SHOWROOM: ALEXANDRA ARCADE TELEPHONE 27781



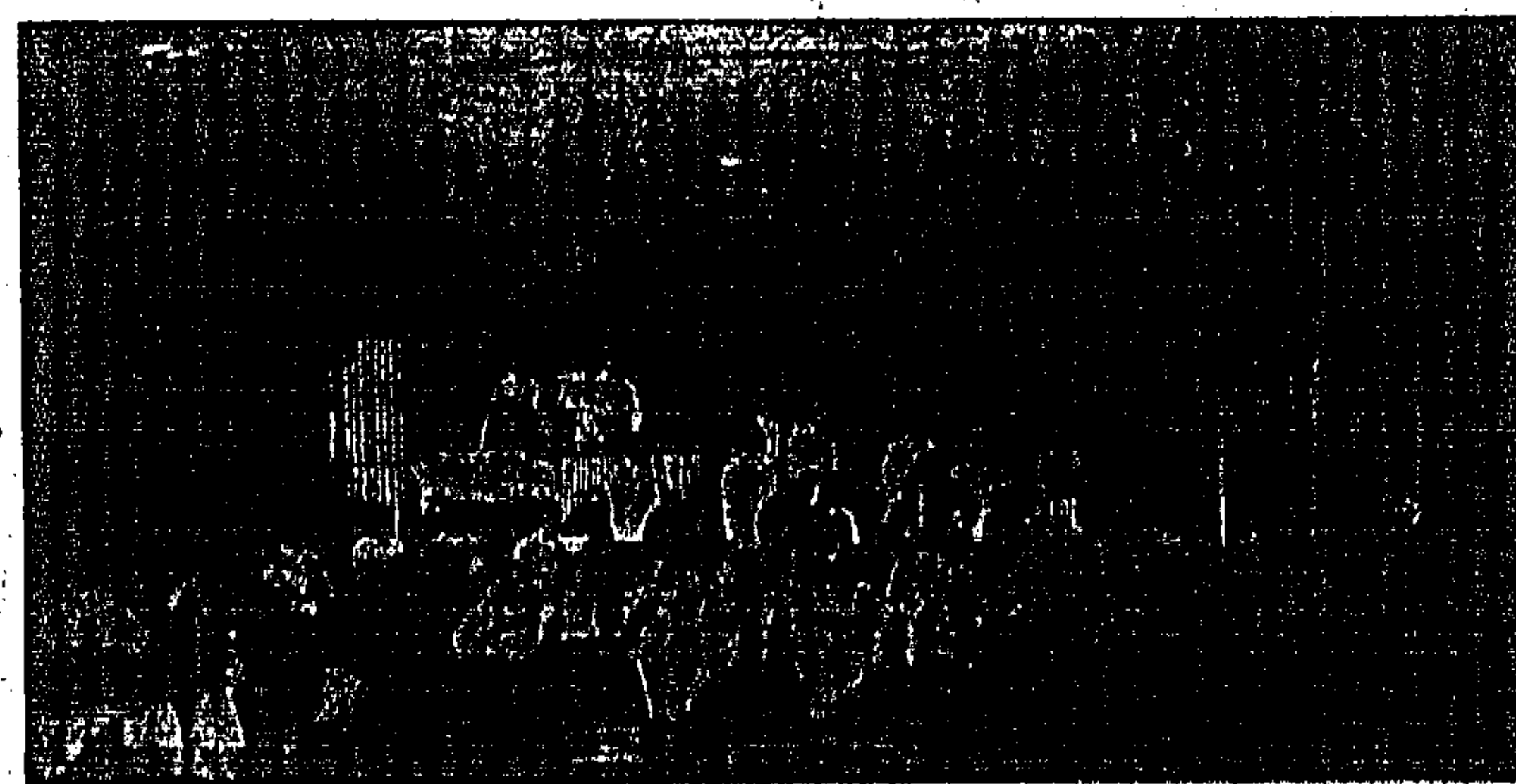
Look
your loveliest
WITH

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP



HONGKONG CONCERT ORCHESTRA



CONDUCTOR: VICTOR ARDY

LEADER: FRED CARPIO

SUMMER SEASON PROMENADE
CONCERT
PARAMOUNT

TO-MORROW SUNDAY 9 p.m.

Tickets
HONGKONG
TSANG FOOK
MOUTRIES
BOOK EARLY

\$5

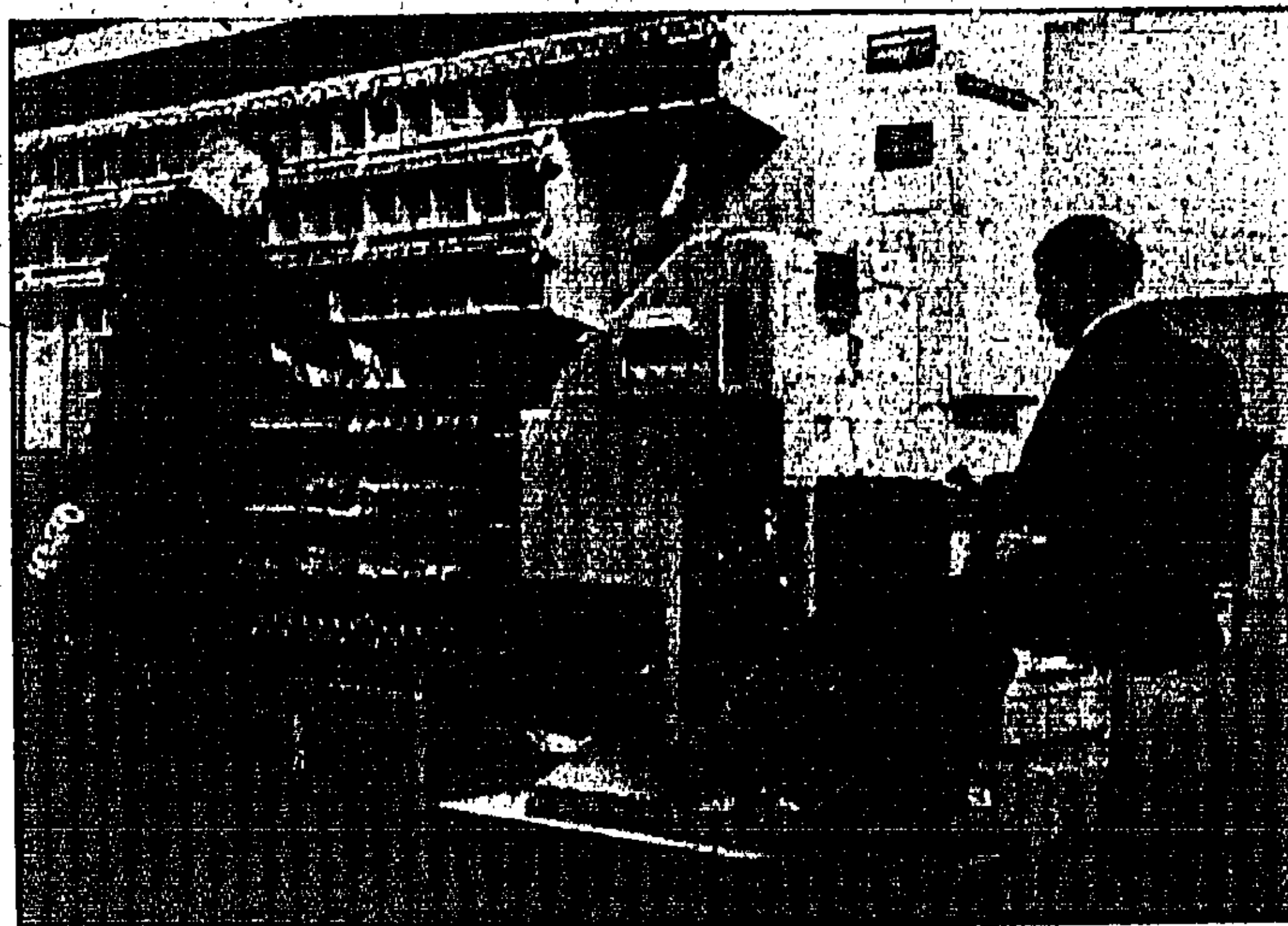
Tickets
KOWLOON
RADIO PEOPLE
COME EARLY

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: A ten-second earthquake rocked the Channel island of Jersey recently, shaking houses and racking the radio signallers of Fort Regent "like a ship at sea." But it failed to stop islanders and holiday-makers from going ahead with their annual carnival and battle of flowers. Picture shows: The wide-eye camera is there as the carnival's winning tableau — an entry from San Remo called The Happy Gardeners arrives in the island capital, St Helier.

RIGHT: From October, all private residents and business firms of the country town of Norwich will have a longer address—longer by the six characters (sample: NOR 22K) of a new postal code which marks the experimental introduction of a new system of mechanical sorting. Machines like the one shown have been installed in the town's central post office; letters are dropped on to a moving belt, which drops them one by one into a window watched by an operator sitting at a keyboard. He "types" the code on to his board, and each letter is whisked away to the right pigeonhole.



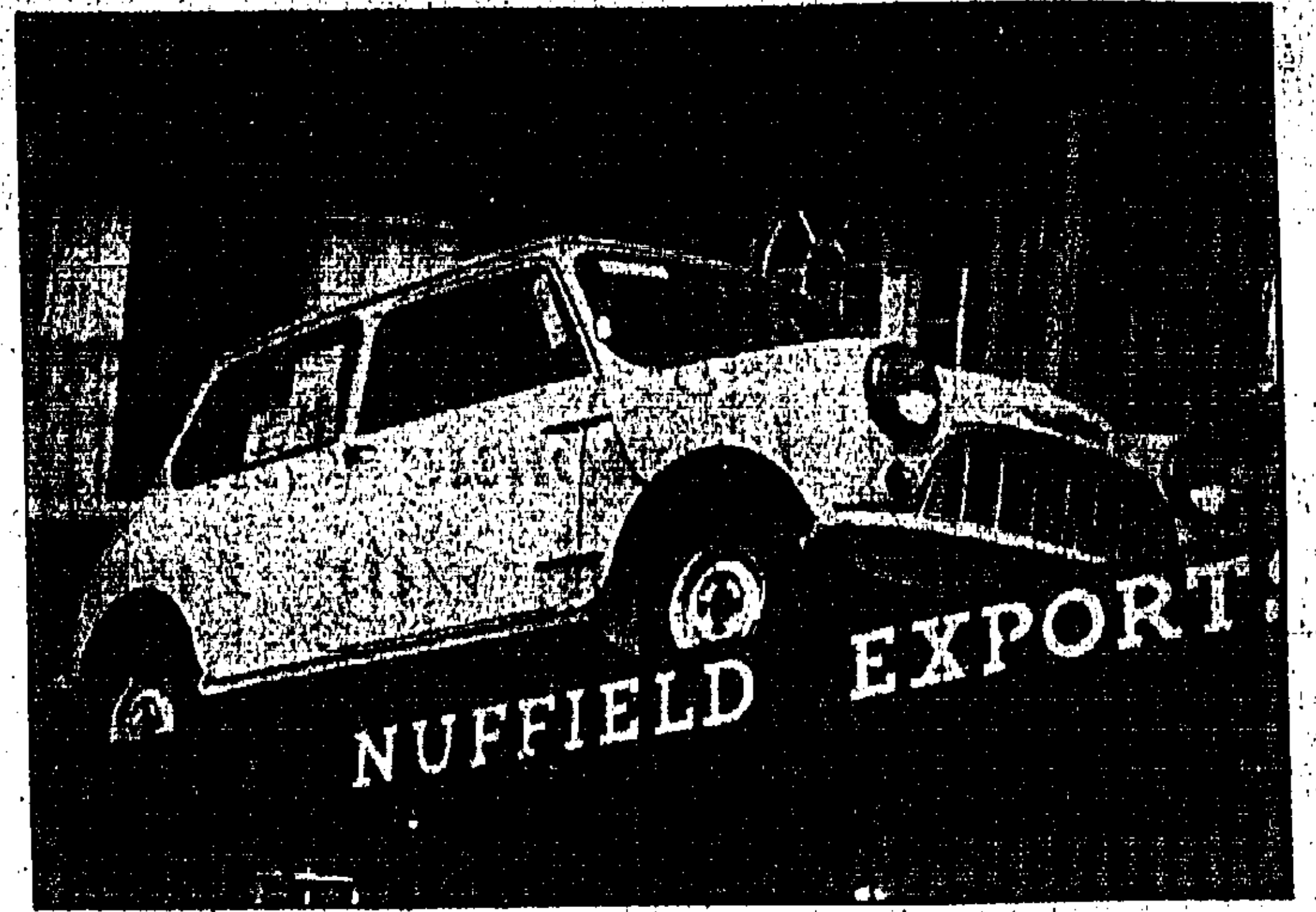
LEFT: Dazzling in their magnificent evening gowns, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret arrive at the Guildhall, London, to attend an officers' dinner to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the Battle of Minden, in Westphalia, during the Seven Years' War.



BELOW: Lady Attlee, the wife of Britain's post-war Labour Prime Minister Lord Clement Attlee, recently entertained to tea at London's Tea centre Mr and Mrs (Jayne Mansfield) Hargitay and family.



ABOVE: The pioneer's widow herself was guest of honour at ceremonies recently to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Louis Blériot's first-ever flight across the channel. Crowds assembled to hear figures from the world of aviation paying him tribute at twin meetings at Calais, where he took off, and on the Dover cliffs where he landed. Picture shows Mme Blériot speaking at the spot on the Dover cliffs where her husband landed. Let into the soil is an aircraft-shaped memorial of the flight.



ABOVE: Breaking free from years of conservatism, the giant British Motor Corporation is adopting Continental gimmicks in a new drive for Continental — and US — small-car markets with its new Morris. Picture shows one of the first of the new Morris models on a car transporter bound for London docks — and Denmark.



LEFT: Painting caused a rift between 24-year-old Hussain El Shariffe (pictured), great-grandson of the Mahdi whose disciple killed Gordon at Khartoum, and his father—but now painting looks like bringing them together again. For Hussain's father, onetime Minister of Communications in the Sudan, was annoyed when he was sent down from Cambridge, for paying more attention to bizarre clothes and art than to his examinations. But he was forgiving enough to keep up his £10-a-week allowance, and let him go on to the Slade School of Art.



ABOVE: A little girl, her leg in plaster, sits in a wheel-chair (left background) at Liverpool St. Station, London, and sees Prince Charles walking—like his father—with his hands behind his back and Princess Anne, when they arrived from Sandringham, Norfolk, after their short holiday there.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREE'S



JACOBY BRIDGE

Bid Forces To Grand Slam

IN a recent Virginia Beach duplicate everyone landed in six spades or six no-trump. Declarer could not get to dummy and had to go down. Allen Hanchel of Norfolk wants to know how they could have reached the lay down seven hearts.

The bidding in the box answers his question.

North's two spade bid is the normal forcing two and South's four heart response is designed to show exactly what he holds. A long, strong suit but no ace.

NORTH (D) 27	
AKQJ109	
A	
A76	
AK4	
EAST	
7532	064
762	J3
Q2	K83
Q105	J9863
SOUTH	
None	
AKQ109854	
J1024	
72	
North and South vulnerable	
North East South West	
2 Pass 4 Pass	
5 N.T. Pass 7 Pass	
Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♥2	

anywhere and no ace or king outside the heart suit.

North's five no-trump is the so-called grand slam force. It is not a Blackwood bid since South's bid has already said, "Partner, I have no aces."

It asks South to go to seven hearts if he thinks his suit is good enough and obviously it guarantees the ace of hearts and either the ace or void in all other suits.

South knows his partner holds the ace of hearts, his suit is good enough, so he bids seven.

♥CARDSENSE♥

Q—The bidding has been:
South West North East
1 Pass 2 Pass 3 Pass 4 Pass

You, South, hold:
AAK976 ♠AQ54 ♦32 ♣05

What do you do?

A—Bid two hearts. You want to try to push the opponents up one if you can.

TODAY'S QUESTION

Again West has overcalled your opening spade bid with two diamonds. This time you hold:
AAK976 ♠32 ♦AQ106 ♣05

What do you do?

Answer on Monday

PERE AUGUSTE FORGIVES

I HAD a week to spare before I sailed from Marseilles to New York, so I went to stay with some friends in Grenoble. The evening I arrived they took me to a restaurant called Chez le Pere Auguste.

There were half a dozen tables with plain, chequered table cloths in the small, white-washed room. There were no tourists. The tables were occupied by stolid French businessmen and their yet more stolid wives, who ate with rapid concentration—though now and then their faces would relax into a smile of deep satisfaction.

The place was attractive and unassuming, and so was the old patron, le Pere Auguste, who came to take our orders. With his broad, heavily creased face and deep laugh, you would have thought that apart from his devout preoccupation with the food he so excellently prepared he hadn't had a care in the world in all his seventy years.

HIS STORY

"There goes a contented man," I said to myself as we said goodnight to him and walked out into the fresh night air. But I was wrong. And I found it out the evening before I left for Marseilles.

By that time we knew him quite well. He would come and join us for a fine at the end of the meal and he would describe to us the fabulous dishes and wines he had known in his life.

But that last night when my friends told him that I was off to America he became oddly restless and gloomy and drank more than usual. After a while he came and sat down beside me and asked me, with a strange look of intensity, if I was going to New York. When I said that I was, the story came out. It was this.

Thirty years ago he had quarrelled with his son, Maurice, who was then a boy of twenty. Le Pere Auguste's wife had died the previous year and Maurice, their only child, wanted to leave him to go to Paris, because he was in love with "some kind of worthless girl there."

DOCTOR'S ADVICE

Auguste said "No". Maurice insisted. "There was a violent scene, and young Maurice rushed hysterically out of the house, vowing never to return. Maurice went to Paris. The girl did turn out to be worthless, and Maurice emigrated to the States, where le Pere Auguste told me—he now worked as a waiter "dans quelque lieu d'estaminet."

They had not met for 30 years.

"But I am now an old man," Auguste said. "The doctors tell me I have not many years to

live. And I think I should forgive him before I die. So I ask you this. Could you find my son and give him a message from me?"

"Certainly. But have you got his address?"

"I can tell you where he used to work," Auguste said, and shuffled into the kitchen. He came back with a piece of paper which he carefully unfolded.

"Maurice Godel," I read, and then the name of one of the most famous hotels in New York, which I will call the "Savoy-Waldorf." It could hardly be described as an "estaminet."

"I'll try to find him," I said. "And if I do, what message can I give him?"

For a moment le Pere Auguste slipped his face in silence. He said: "Tell him I forgive him."

UNLIKELY

"And I can tell him about this restaurant?"

"Certainly," he said. "Suddenly his broad face

creased into a smile, and he added: "And you can tell him this. If he is really a true son of mine he will cook you a good meal as I have done."

Then he blushed and his eyes prickled and he turned away.

The next day I sailed for New York.

When I had been there a few days a publisher asked me to lunch at the Savoy-Waldorf. I remembered le Pere Auguste's remark so I arrived half an hour early, and went to the reception desk and asked them if I could get in touch with a Mr Maurice Godel, who must now, I estimated, be about 50, and who had once worked in the hotel as a waiter.

The receptionist was very kind. He rang through to the restaurant, the grill-room, the champagne room, and the night-

club. No one had even heard of a Maurice Godel. I was giving up in despair, when another receptionist who had overheard our conversation, leaned across and said "He couldn't mean Mr Maurice, could he?"

There was awe in his voice. "Who is Mr Maurice?" I asked.

"The manager of the whole Savoy-Waldorf!"

Obviously this could not be Auguste's son. And yet... I decided to have one last try.

"Please put me through to Mr Maurice," I said. And when I could see they were doubtful, I added:

"I may have an important message for him."

The receptionist hesitated. Then took up the telephone. A secretary answered, but at last I was put through to a man with a firm, rather cold, voice, and no trace of a French accent.

"Mr Maurice?" I asked rather nervously.

"Yes, Speaking."

"Have you not a father who runs a restaurant in Grenoble?"

I asked feeling a complete idiot.

There was a pause, and then he said: "Yes. Why?"

"I've got a message for you from him."

"Where are you now?"

"At reception."

"I'll have you sent right up."

LAVISH SETTING

The elevator shot me up like a rocket to the top of the vast building and I was shown past ante-rooms of secretaries into one of the smartest penthouses I have ever seen. And there at the end of a long pale green room behind a broad dark-haired

plump man. He was alert and very confident.

"Mr Maurice Godel?" I asked.

"Here, it's Maurice round here. It's easier to say."

"I've got to meet you. Have a cigarette. Sit down. Well now... so you met my father. How is he?"

Something about the man's deliberate calm irritated me.

"Not well," I said. "The doctors have told him he hasn't many years to live."

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CURIOUS CHARACTERS: No. 12

He rode a bull to the hunt

RUBICUND leather-merchant **Jemmy Hirst** had a way with animals. As other men rode horses, he galloped over the Yorkshire countryside on a huge bull.

He was accompanied on his high, it towered above the three outcrops by a herd of pigs, hedges, and lunched along on each of which answered to his name.

Soon, he had his bull so well trained that he rode it with spirit and style in the Ludworth Hunt.

DANGEROUS

Hirst had made his fortune by 1840, and retired in the same year. Before long, his curbing exploits were the talk of North England. He made use of an offer, a fox and a mule, and allowed them to wander through his rooms, the walls of which were decorated with ruddy farm implements. When he travelled, he used a carriage built specially to his order. No nails were used in its construction. Dangerously

• BY • THE • WAY •

by **Beachcomber**

ELEPHANTS are credited with good memories, and the bewildered beast who is crossing the Alps in an overcoat and a sun-hat and big boots will have plenty to remember. A circus elephant some years ago saw a man sitting in the penny seats, and recognised the boy who had once given him a bun. With old-world courtesy the grateful animal lifted his benefactor out of the fourpennies into the three and eightpennies. Many in the audience sobbed as they applauded.

A handy gadget—Indian rubber bulbs with spikes for prodding granules through leaves. The crossed spike in the middle is for dislodging anything left after prodding is over.

In passing—PUTRID mass of gibberish about "the avant-garde"

artist's approach to his subject" contained, surprisingly, an echo of Corot, who said that a painter should live inside the picture he is painting. (One day somebody who was watching him at work said, "But where is that tree you are putting in your landscape? I can't see it." "It's behind me," said Corot. God help the poor wretch today who lives inside his abstractions.)

Nothing to do with me—When the lining of a hat was raffled at a garden fete in Kildermaster, a councillor said: "It should have been a ten-set, but, anyway, it was a change from guessing the weight of a cake." The winner of the lining was entitled to two free tickets at a local film theatre. It is not every hat that has a silver lining. —(London Express Service).

THE BIGGEST STORY IN BRITAIN: PART II

THIS is the second instalment of a new assessment of the four people who together make up the Biggest Story in Britain. For it is an extraordinary fact that in this rocket age, an ancient monarchy, the British Royal Family, is still way ahead as a topic of world-wide interest. Today Prince Philip comes under the spotlight.

by **ANNE SHARPLEY**

THE man in the most contradictory position in the world. Prince Philip. He has all the attributes of a head of the family. He is masculine, strong, self-assertive.

Yet it is his wife who is Queen. He performs a great public function, yet he has no real power.

He has more natural capacity for getting around, meeting the people, putting them at their ease, asking the right questions in the right sort of cheerful sailor-way—than any man in the Royal Family since the Prince of Wales.

Yet he has a constant running battle with the photographers who cover his public appearances. A battle that has only just begun to be written about.

A life so full of contradictions, the pomp without power, the yachts and the helicopters without the freedom of the rich, the title without the throne.

He gets away from it all in Britannia, the Royal yacht that is almost his own personal escape-route. Where he is in authority. To faraway places which without the harassment of crowds are magically and entirely at his disposal.

The chances are that the Queen would go with him if she did not suffer from seasickness. This is often officially played down from Buckingham Palace, but I have seen the Queen stand swaying on a quay where she had just landed, unmistakably and most unhappily—seasick.

Furthermore, Prince Philip's trips to those rather forgotten corners of island that were swept into the Empire almost

absent-mindedly during the last century effect a great saving in what the Household call "Queen-time."

"It is far better for the Queen to visit a place where there are 150,000 people than an island where there are perhaps only 20," is the reasoning.

The Prince retains a strong individuality in everything—for instance when he makes one of his courteous but unenthusiastic appearances at Ascot (he has described racing as a "mug's game") he watches cricket on a specially installed television set.

Prince Philip is, in fact, seldom at a loss.

Jolly

One has only to see him thrusting his way into some respect-bombarded crowd at a reception rather like a jolly young eagle and say, "Well now, what do you do," to know his value to the Royal Family.

Interchanges are apt to be jolly. "What, me push old so-and-so round a ballroom? I once heard him observe irreverently about a well-known but well-built lady whom someone mentioned he had been seen dancing with.

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Philip

AND HOW HE HANDLES HIS CONTRADICTIONARY ROLE



Prince Philip — a natural capacity for meeting the people

Yet he will turn round on a photographer and let loose a flood of naval language. "I have only got to pick up a pen and everyone takes my photograph," he was complaining to three photographers who were covering his signing of a visitors' book at a hospital in Buckinghamshire. But relations by now are strained and one photographer snapped back, "You never know, sir, it might be your last."

Prince Philip was not amused. But then the photographers to whom he threw nuts while feeding the Barbary apes at Gibraltar at the end of the Commonwealth tour were not amused either.

For when he talks he uses, not remote Royal phrases, but striking contemporary expressions that make his audiences laugh and feel immediately at ease.

A great asset in a Commonwealth where some of the members are understandably suspicious of a too old-world manner.

Yet how one wishes he would sometimes deal with a situation like his visit to all-white boys' clubs in Notting Hill by inquiring briskly, "Haven't you got any black boys here?" It would be putting his foot in it, but it wouldn't be the first time.

"Are you Indian or Pakistani?" I heard him ask at a reception for Commonwealth members at the Washington Embassy. "I never can tell the difference between you chaps."

What was this? Tactlessness, or a Commonwealth man trying to gloss over a rather deep cleft in Commonwealth affairs?

Either way, the character and personality of our next king, Charles, rests very much in the hands of this brisk and sometimes brusque Royal consort.

Perhaps Prince Charles will be able to fulfil the athletic ambitions his father clearly has for him.

The father who can be healthy and un-Royal enough to insist on his son being educated with other boys instead of in royal schoolrooms has clearly got the right idea.

But if Prince Charles does not turn out to be the all-round sportsman crammed with confidence and abilities that his father—one hopes the discrepancy will not be felt too strongly in the boy who will be King.

Prince Philip and the Queen may soon start another strenuous tour.

Once again the great but familiar strain of day-after-day engagements, long journeys and successions of curious new faces confront them, as do the photographers.

—It would be a pity if any temporary friction with them overshadowed his tremendous efforts to help the Queen. And the Commonwealth.

NEXT WEEK: The Queen Mother —(London Express Service).

At ease—On the recent visit by Canadian photographers to Windsor to take informal pre-tour pictures however the Prince was extraordinarily helpful, and made several suggestions about how the pictures should be taken. The way he is usually with people other than photographers in other words.

MAINLY for MEN (WITH WOMEN IN MIND, TOO!)

GO EASY ON THAT MENU...

THERE is little doubt that business lunches—already firmly established as part of the pattern of executive-level existence—are on the increase. But even if they are good for business, are such lunches good for one's health?

I put the question to Dr. H. Berle Wright, head of the Institute of Directors' Medical Research Unit. His answer is "No."

"Big lunches," he said, "frequently lead to too much eating, too much smoking and too much drinking."

"Coronary thrombosis is on the increase, and among its main factors are lack of exercise, obesity, high blood pressure, stress, alcohol and nicotine."

No cream—All of us eat more than we need. The average man is too fat and too sedentary.

"Mind you, because a lunch takes a couple of hours there is no reason for an enormous intake of calories. Cheese mutton, for instance, instead of soup; steak and salad instead of steak-and-kidney pudding and two vegetables. Cheese is all right, but have strawberries without the cream."

Drink? Martinis and port are more fattening than gin and whisky. Stout is worse than beer, and beer worse than wine.

"If you can, walk back to the office after lunch, don't use the lift—and then relax with your feet up (literally) for 20 minutes."

QUOTE: The British summer is notorious. Boarding house and hotel keepers know this only too well. An inexpensive and easy way of keeping the guests amused in bad weather is to provide playing cards in the lounges. Handout from the Playing Card Bureau.

HAVING a party? I recommend a wine cup called Hock Sparkler. This recipe should give 35 glusses.

Three bottles hock; one bottle sparkling hock; one liqueur glass brandy; three liqueur glasses orange curacao; 110. pineapple, peaches or strawberries, according to season; sugar to taste; ice.

Slice fruit thinly, place with sugar and still wine in bowl, and leave for an hour. Add remainder of ingredients and serve when chilled.

GOOD IDEAS. A white collar which will fit to any collar-attached shirt when the old one has worn out. For modest smiles, tired of struggling behind a towel or a bush: a personal changing tent which folds into a sort of beach bag. Weight: about 3½ lb.

For anti-sodium breakfast eaters: a folding, lightweight frame which holds the morning paper, plus fitted pepper and salt pots.

TREND: A store owner tells me that although sales were once

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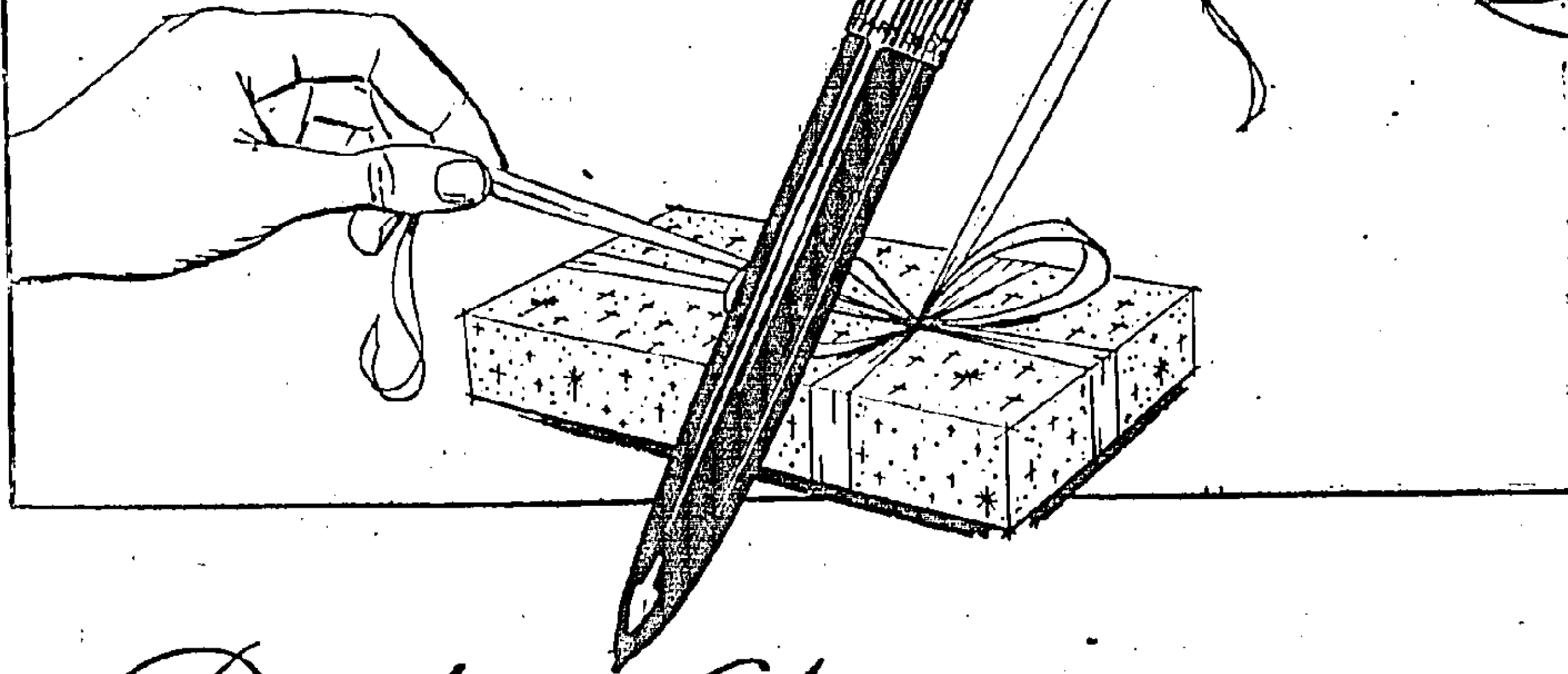
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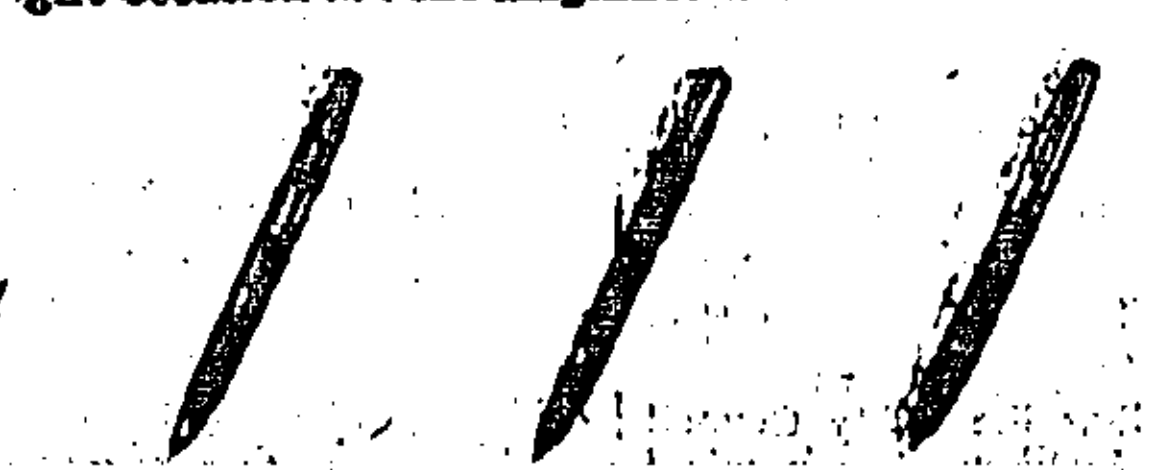
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"Selby Abbey didn't want it—so Brother Caractacus nipped in quick with a take-over bid."

London Express Service.

LOST WORLD, 1959



by **CHRISTOPHER DOBSON**

CHINA MAIL RESIDENT REPORTER IN RUSSIA

This is Khrushchev's back room... where Genghis Khan's descendants mix with the atomic revolutionaries...

ULAN BATOR.

THE weather was perfect at Irkutsk, Siberia's staging post for Mongolia and China. But they said no, I could not fly to Ulan Bator, the capital of Mongolia, just 90 minutes' flying time away—the weather was too bad. I could not understand it—then. But I did the next day when I eventually landed at Ulan Bator, for the airfield is nearly 6,000 feet up in the mountains—no runway, just a flat section of prairie.

We wound our way around the mountain tops, in and out of cloud, and up the valleys, with pine trees flashing past on either side.

Then, with a last breath-taking swoop, almost as if we were skiing down the mountainside, we landed. I stepped out of the plane to meet a camel grazing happily alongside a modern radar installation, to smell the wonderful scent of sage and wild thyme and pine, as the prairie shimmered under a blue sky and a fierce sun.

Horses

Kites, evil-looking birds with disgusting manners, soared effortlessly, and the plains were dotted with round white tents—the "yurts" of the Mongolian herdsmen.

Everywhere there were animals: horses moving in great herds, camels, yaks, sheep, cows, and goats, with the herdsmen circling on craggy, shaggy ponies, standing almost upright in their stirrups, whose circular iron foot-pieces are the size of dinner plates.

The Red Flag flew over the airport building. Communist slogans flashed redly across the walls. High on the mountain-side white stones spelled a huge "MIR"—peace.

Skills

This was Mongolia, nomadic, pastoral country, homeland of the Hun who destroyed Rome, and Genghis Khan, who built a mighty empire out of fire and rape and pillage 700 years ago. Now the Communists, with Russian and Chinese aid, are

grafting a political, industrial, and agricultural revolution on to a medieval eastern civilisation.

It is a land where 80 per cent of the people still live in tents. They live off meat and milk. I arrived in time for the three-day celebration marking the Mongolian Day when the locals showed off the traditional skills of the Mongol warriors—riding, wrestling, and archery.

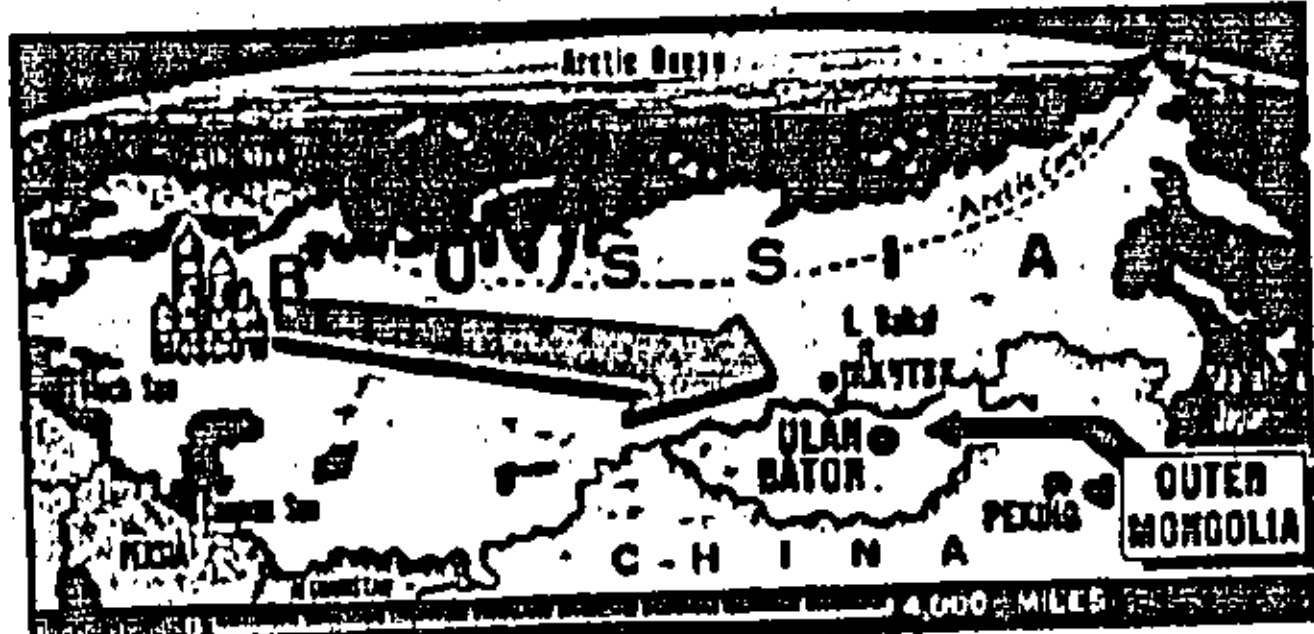
The tribesmen came down from the mountains and up the southern desert. The whole family rides, from boys and girls of six and seven on their own horses right through

The knife is for carving off chunks of the sheep which they roast whole, and the stick is for grooming their horses.

They can live off the land just as their Mongol forefathers did when they swept out to burn Moscow and threatened the whole of Europe.

Molotov

The central point of the celebration was the stadium where traditional Mongolian wrestling was going on alongside Russian-style mass gymnastics and parades.



the family to the grandfather of 70, who sits his horse as rigidly as any cavalryman.

People here seem to acquire a horse by the time they are six, and from that moment they hardly seem to leave the saddle until they die, and are buried in the sacred ancient burial ground high in the mountain.

Now they came down, driving their horses with them, their tents piled on top of camel-drawn carts, and they rode into town like cowboys after a round-up, with a long knife and a short flat piece of wood in their belts.

All around there are flags and bright robes, horses, sleds, and even housey-housey.

Mr. Molotov, once Russian Foreign Minister and now banished as ambassador to Ulan Bator, sat in the stand with his wife, who had travelled from Moscow with their granddaughters Larissa, nine, and Lubba, five, for the celebration.

Molotov looked fit and bronzed in a white linen suit. The customary rimless pince-nez were clipped to his nose and his moustache was as grizzled and grey as ever.

It was nothing like Ascent out on the plain, where the horse-racing was going on. No tote. Everybody arrived on his own horse and there is no nonsense about sprouts.

These are races over 15 and 20 miles of dreary mountain and river, with 10-year-old boys and girls riding.

They set off in a wild cavalcade, starting with blood-curdling wailing cries and trundling on horseback in a great half-circle across the plain.

Feared

They are gone for an hour or more before they start streaming back, the leaders whooping and swinging, their heavy-handed whips ridingless, others limp in hours later. You can see how these people become the most feared horsemen in the world.

The winner is led in and a traditional bowl of fermented mare's milk is poured over the horse's neck and cruppers.

All this celebration went on for three days, while at night the smoke from the cooking fires rose into a dark, mauve sky, and the horses, tethered in the picket lines, whinnied at the wild boar and deer which came down with the dusk from the wooded hills.

At the end they folded their tents and rode off across the plains to their villages. I went with them, to drink koumiss in the yurts, to back at a roost sheep, and to see how they lived and worked.

MONDAY:

A Russian Rodeo

THE ROAD TO BRIGHTON PIER.... by CUMMINGS



"At least, Brix, when we were in power the roads weren't cluttered up with all these workers' cars." London Express Service

When Grivas can't keep his mouth shut

Nicosia.
THERE has been a tremendous row between General Grivas and Archbishop Makarios.

Between Grivas, boss of the Eoka terror organisation in Cyprus, who returned to a hero's welcome in Athens only four brief months ago, and the cunning prelate who masterminded the political struggle against Britain throughout most of the "emergency" on this island.

The reason, the over-riding ambitions and staggering personal vanities of Grivas, which have brought him into increasing frequent conflict with Makarios.

Emotion

The other day Makarios denounced Grivas—in all except name—before a 10,000 strong crowd here in Cyprus. Emotionally he complained to them about "these persons in Athens who are trying to exploit the sacred fight of Cyprus for their own ends."

And he added that if "these people cannot or will not help us, then I say to them 'Leave us alone!'"

The banners carried by the crowd bore only the single name of "Makarios." No mention of "Digenis" (the emergency-time underground name for Grivas) as there would undoubtedly have been a few weeks ago.

Further

The Makarios speech was outspoken enough. But in private conversation Makarios goes much further.

Recently he has said to callers at his palace here in Nicosia: "It is monstrous, this interference by Grivas for purely political ends."

"It is I who am carrying the burden of these arduous negotiations. 'It is monstrous, this interference by Grivas for purely political ends.'"

"It is I who must maintain matters in a state of delicate balance."

"It is shameful that political ends should be allowed to threaten the situation here."

Grivas lost no time in saying that he would not hesitate to restart the Cyprus struggle again, "and to fail, if necessary, in order to smash the dark forces who seek to enslave the island."

His dream, he added, was still to see the Greek flag flying above Cyprus.

The situation is thus becoming something like the Centre

Grivas' these day is sensitive about his reputation of having been merely the military leader in Cyprus during the troubles. He is at pains to make it clear that he was the political big-shot too.

You can be sure that this is a concept not at all to the liking of Makarios.

A friend of mine, who was present when Makarios and

next February 19. So that gives Grivas about six months.

Still, a lot can happen in six months. After all, it has only taken four for Makarios and Grivas to fall out.

Indicative of the way in which the wheel can come full circle is the incident at a Government House reception. A Cyprus police officer told Makarios that he was being transferred to the Seychelles.

"Ah," rejoined the Archbishop, who was exiled there during the troubles, "I shall be happy to provide you with some first-rate letters of introduction."

By **Rene MacColl**

Court at Wimbledon, with the heads of the onlookers swivelling rhythmically as the two embattled opponents swat the ball.

But do not think that Grivas' only quarrel lies with Makarios. The little guerrilla general with the de Gaulle-like ambitions is in pretty hot water over in Athens as well.

For a man who desperately wants to enjoy a political career (Grivas twice ran for the Greek Parliament and each time was badly beaten) he behaves with screaming lack of tact.

In statements to various Greek newspapers he is fond of criticising the established Greek political parties in the crudest and most violent terms.

In spite of snubs his self-confidence remains undented. He is sure that his destiny includes high political office—and Madame Grivas, his handsome wife, loses no opportunity of stimulating her husband's hopes and ambitions in this respect.

Hurry

Grivas' main problem is that of time. He is a man in a hurry—he has to be. He cannot afford to wait for years in the wings as did de Gaulle.

Even for a national hero the law of diminishing returns would start to operate before too long in this part of the world. And if he means to back up his tough talk about Cyprus and do something about those "dark forces" here he must act fast.

For the London agreements governing the island's fresh start are due to come into force



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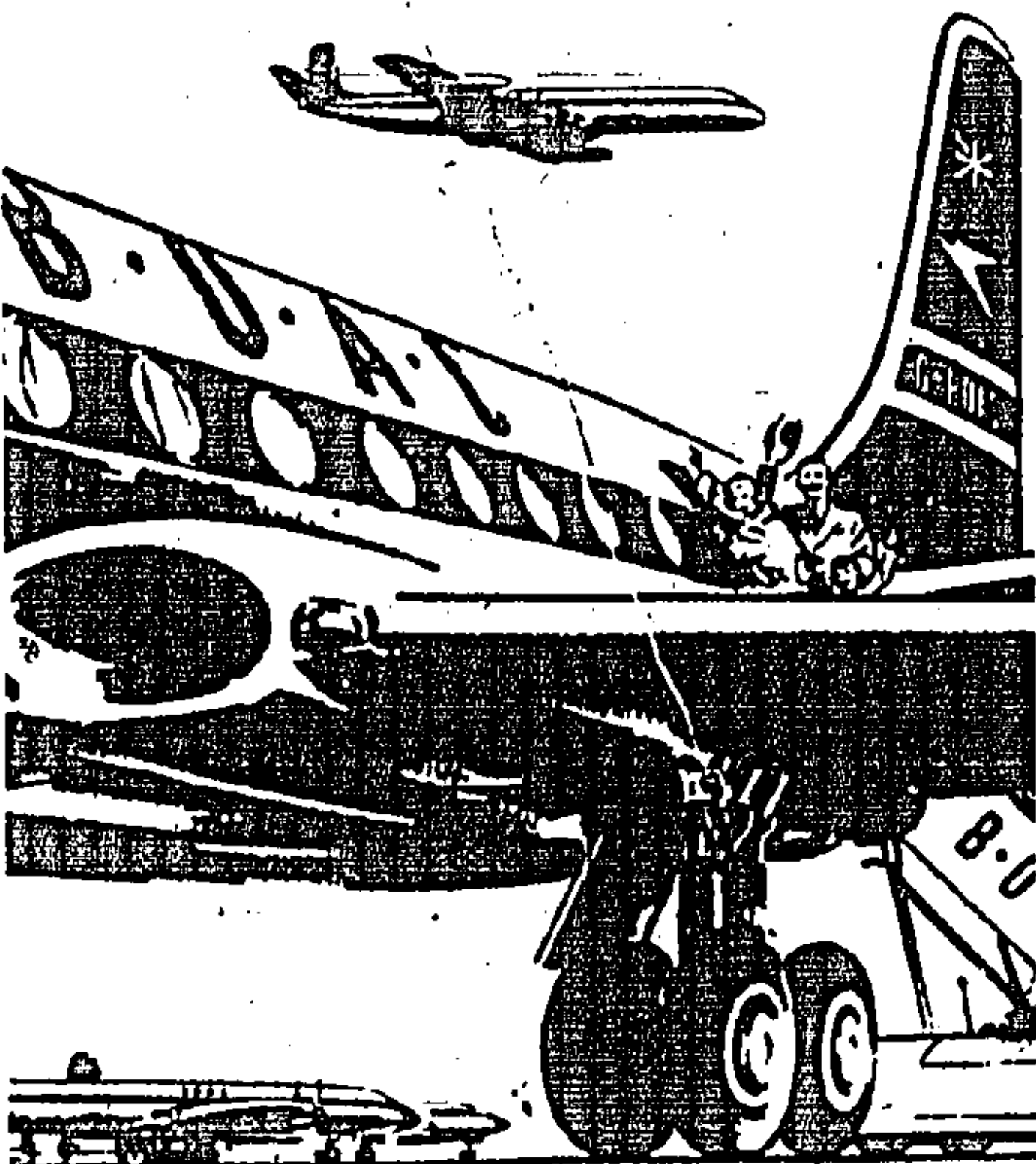
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"But how can you expect us to govern our Colonies perfectly, when we can't even govern Britain...?"

SINATRA: the stormiest chapter

IN 1947, Frank Sinatra, "super-salesman of song," had the world on a string and sapphires in his cuff-links. Yet he had little peace.

The next 10 years were to be very turbulent. He dabbled in politics and he indulged in causes. He was not a big man physically, less than ten stones, but he certainly made his presence felt.

Trigger-quick in arguments he said he believed in the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights to the point that he would fight for them. He made fiery speeches about liberty and tolerance.

Despite his efforts on behalf of minorities, his own affairs presented difficulties, particularly his marriage.

Frank Sinatra was troubled and unhappy over a conflict of interests.

As a Roman Catholic, he did not want to think of divorce from Nancy, still in love with him. They had married young and now he felt he had missed the thrill and excitement of the courtship period.

In Hollywood he was sought by predatory females, stars and starlets.

Nevertheless he was deeply concerned over his wife and children.

But when reporters wanted to know if all was well with the Sinatra marriage, his temper flared and he told them that his private life was his own.

Although his feuds with the Press have been widely reported over the past ten years, I must say that I have always found Frank Sinatra pleasantly direct.

Warning

Time and again, his Press-agents have warned me when interviewing him to 'lay off Ava, will you?' and more recently, Lady Adele Beatty.

We have talked about Frank's songs; his style of singing; other singers; travel; the films he has made; his house with Japanese decor; his sports-car; of the world's beautiful women; of clothes and tailors; of personal philosophy—but, mark you, not about his personal life.

Was I hesitant to offend Mr Sinatra? Was I disinclined to feud with him?

No, I was not. His private and personal life was so well documented that it was hardly necessary to ask him about it.

In 1949, Frank Sinatra needed either a tremendous change or a terrific lift. Sales of his records were falling. The films he was making at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were not clicking as they should.

Is Sinatra on the skids? asked the smart boys.

About this time he moved out of the mansion in Bel Air that he had bought for Nancy and the children and tried to concentrate on work.

But day after day, he had something on his mind, a lovely brunette, fond of kicking her shoes off, a barefoot Venus from North Carolina via Culver City.

Ava Gardner—who told him as they drank champagne late one night at Ciro's "If I was a man, I wouldn't love me."

sonal discipline, especially when both are in show-business."

There's no doubt that the publicity given to their romance and to their marriage did not contribute to their well-being.

From the start Frank and Ava "symbolised high romance to themselves and to the world," wrote a sob-sister, "Here was one of the most beautiful women in the world and here was The Voice... The love-god and the love-goddess."

For his part, Frank admitted that he felt as though he had never been in love before and that he "would like a dozen kids."

Marrying Ava was part of the great change for him. He had obtained a release from his M-G-M contract. He knew that his pictures had not been profitable and he had to make a switch.

★

With Columbia Records, he was having a series of disagreements.

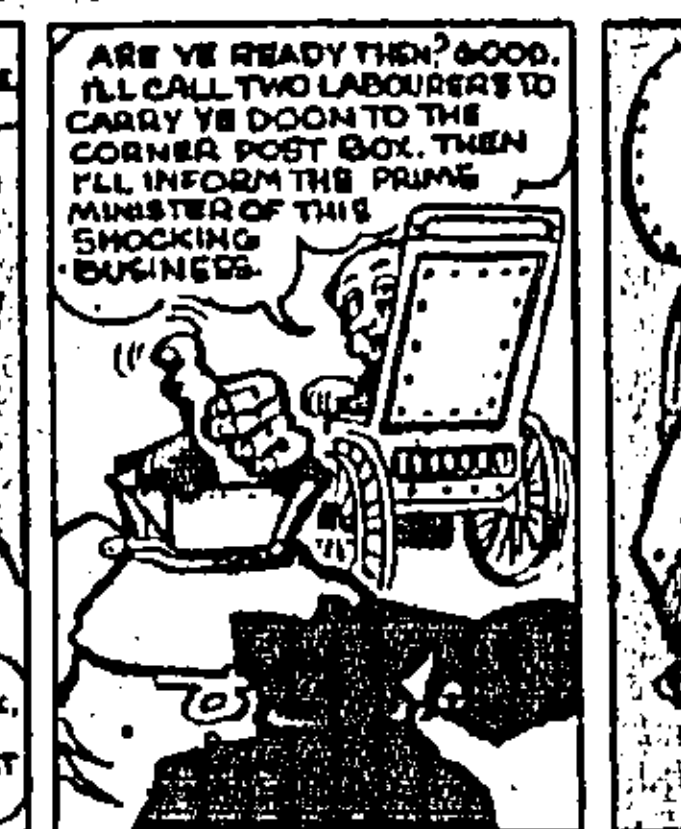
In the summer of 1952, he signed a contract with Capitol Records.

His career as a recording artist was in the doldrums. The change for him was a good one. Shortly afterwards, he made one of the biggest-selling records of all time, "Young at Heart."

This was indeed the return of "The Voice."

MONDAY:
Conclusion

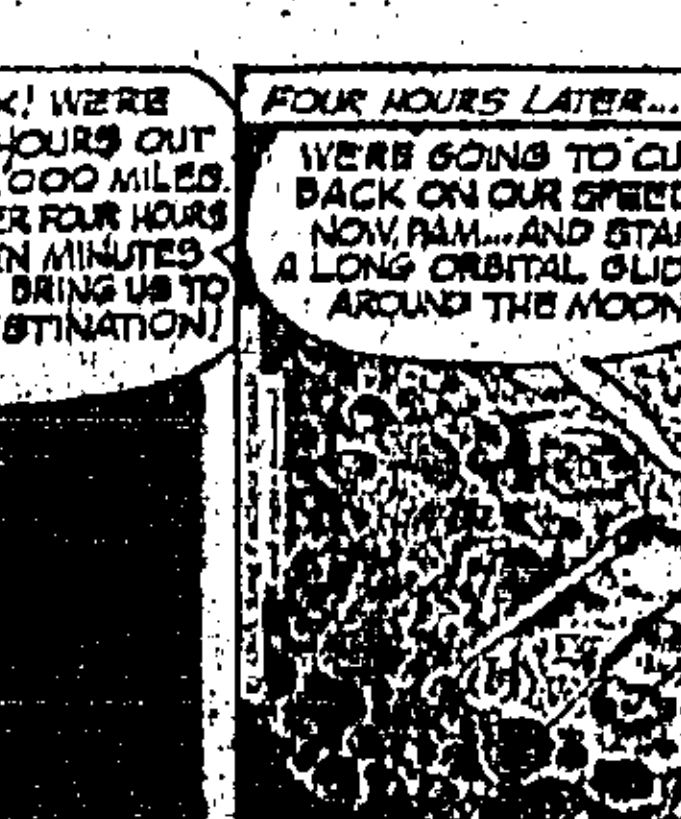
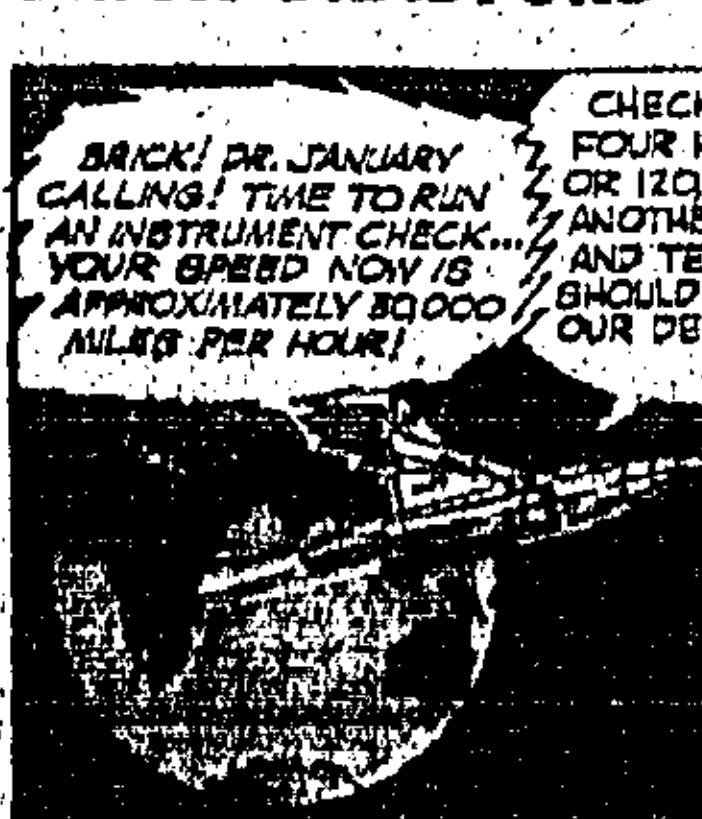
FOUR D. JONES . . .



FERD'NAND



BRICK BRADFORD



Just Fancy That!

VOLUNTEERS in Britain are eating "irradiated" potatoes. The potatoes—which have been bombarded by atomic rays—are the first such food to be tried out on humans by the Atomic Energy Authority.

The potatoes are treated at Wantage Radiation Laboratories, Berkshire. They are placed in sealed chambers for a period, while a tiny, active radioloscope gives off radiation. The atomic rays kill all bacteria and also prevent the potatoes sprouting when stored.

Staff at the laboratories are the only volunteers so far accepted. Rigorous health standards must be guaranteed before any such food reaches the public.

But experiments are now being made to treat meat, bacon, bread and other foods in the same way. Scientists believe it will be several years before British housewives can buy such food. But when they do, it should be possible to keep it in the larder for five times as long.

Preliminary report on the potatoes? "Taste the same. No ill effects."

★ ★ ★

PASSENGERS on Paris underground trains now get anti-microbe protection each time they alight. They get de-loused, too. It's all done by sprays set off automatically when the train doors open. Why? "Vermin and epidemics can be spread in crowded coaches," explained an official.

★ ★ ★

THE "Italian" craze among Britain's teenagers has really got a grip. So far confined to clothes, haircuts, shoes and music, it now extends to jewellery—men's jewellery.

Noticed a growing number of male teenagers sporting tiny, single gold earrings and silver crosses worn on chains around their necks.

(London Express Service).

NEW
Lady Sheaffer
"SHEAFFER" FOUNTAIN PEN

Never before—a fountain pen to express your personal taste in fine jewelry. Never seen near an ink bottle, some drop-in cartridge of Sheaffer writing fluid.

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Gardeners prefer

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BREWED
in
HONG KONG

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

VERONICA PAPWORTH

MEETS MRS. HUGH GAITSKELL—AND HEARS HER CONFESS THE 'MOST SHOCKING MISTAKES'... IN FASHION



● Harbinger of autumn and all that deliciously cool, misty fruitfulness—the first of the fur-trimmed suits makes its appearance here today. It is a little black suit with a phantom beaver collar—one of the most wearable I have so far seen.

SUIT: HARDY AMES BOUTIQUE.

PICTURE: JOHN ADRIANA.

If only we women had more time—for politics

London. "TO be perfectly honest I have made the most shocking mistakes," said Mrs Hugh Gaitskell to me—and she bit with evident relish into a smoked salmon canape the size of a half crown. "But really I'm not at all sure I want you to put that in print."

As she was referring only to her choice of clothes, I said it could hardly be harmful to say so. Rather endearing, in fact, since almost every woman has some Awful Mistake hanging like a skeleton in her wardrobe.

The Opposition Leader's Lady and Judy O'Grady are "impulse buyers" under the skin.

"And couldn't we just talk off the record?" she suggested. "I hate interviews. I'm simply not one of those people who are ready at the drop of a hat to offer their opinions on capital punishment or co-education—or whatever it is the newspapers want to know."

Just guessed

"Positively no inflammatory issues involved," I promised her. "We'll lead on from your Awful Mistakes to your Astonishing Successes. You must have had clothes that were singularly successful too?"

"One of the most," said she, "was a dress that Hugh bought for me in America in 1932. It was very simple and straight skirted—a tiny print on white ground."

"No, I don't think he had any measurements. Just guessed."

"But it was perfect, and I still have it." "Of course, you must understand that I'm a terribly difficult figure to dress. No one makes clothes for women like me."

Dora Gaitskell has what was known as a "French Figure" until some fashion genius dreamed up the symbolic Mrs. Chester-Sunningdale—a shortish and well-rounded charmer tapering down to pretty legs and neat little feet.

Mrs Gaitskell is a Mrs. Chester-Sunningdale par excellence.

At a price...

I said it was four years since she said I had "discussed her" short and stout problem and the fashion picture has changed since then. There are more and more of her kind of clothes coming into the shops—clothes for the wives of successful men.

"But at a price," she said ruefully. "The splendidly simple dresses are never, the expensive ones."

"However, I believe I have found the perfect 'basic' style. I've also found a 'little woman'—one of those creatures who will dressmaker at home."

"This dress, for instance, is my style—and it couldn't be simpler."

It was white silk with a fine black "pen and ink" print. With it she wore a white cotton-pot hat with a black ribbon, white handkerchiefs and gloves and black pumps.

"Look, you're not going to put all this in the paper, are you?" she asked.

"Why not?" said I. "You could hardly have been more discreet. High-time the women knew something about you—and Lady Dorothy too."



DORA GAITSKELL—Hugh has guessed at my measurements.

So she told me a delicious story about herself and Lady Dorothy Macmillan (she's now a Duff?) and then asked me not to write it.

Maddest!

Then I told her how I helped in Lady Dorothy's wartime soldiers' canteen at Chiswick Gate.

"I should have a mine of amusing anecdotes, but the only thing I can remember about the Prime Minister's wife is that I once got tea leaves in the tea-leaf bag—and she gave me a 'HELL'—gradually."

"Quite right too," said the Opposition Leader's wife impatiently—putting pigs before politics.

Wonderful

We wandered through to the next room for lunch. Just there was a splendid buffet with everybody looking at everybody else and nobody seeming to want to start.

"This is where I long to jump over the other side and serve," said Mrs Gaitskell. "I've got to be in the kitchen at 10.30. I'm a bit of a cook. I can make a black ribbon, but I don't do it all out from the far side."

"I can't stand hanging about. I like to see things moving."

"Me, too," said I, helping her to the chicken mouslin while she helped me to salad.

Women—we're wonderful. If only we had more TIME—for politics.



ROLEX

YOUR BIRTHDAY.... By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8

BORN today, you have a clever versatility which is controlled by a practical attitude as well as a love of law and order which teaches you to put first things first. Since you are a natural linguist, you will do well in the professions which call for logical dexterity. You have a keen mind which can utilize intuition and logic to a high degree—an unusual combination which should help you in achieving success in your career.

Since you have a good understanding of people, you are able to get their whole-hearted co-operation in almost any project you undertake. Although you work well as a member of a team, you can become outstanding as a leader. You have the interest of others at heart and are always ready to assist those needing your help and advice.

You are a good conversationalist and probably will write as convincingly as you talk. You have a great deal of energy and will always show keen enthusiasm for the project on which you are working. This enthusiasm is contagious and makes everyone eager to go along with you on new and exciting ideas.

Your love of nature is strong and you are attractive to members of the opposite sex. You probably will have several opportunities to wed before you settle down to marriage. Once you have made your selection, however, your wedded life should be happy and contented.

Among those born on this date are: Paul Dirac, English physicist; Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, author; General Nelson Appleton Miles, U.S. Army; Charles A. Dalm, famous editor; James Bowdoin, Massachusetts Governor after whom the college was named.

To find what the stars have to share for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Such inspiration today from a good sermon in the morning. A friendly, happy day for you.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—This can be an active, even an exciting, day. Something very pleasant may occur.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Don't count things today. Much better for your health to rest and relax.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A second day of pleasant associations when you can benefit from seeing old friends again.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—A tendency toward overactivity, so guard against attempting to do too much on impulse.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—This can be an inspiring day if you co-operate with others in some beneficial community affair.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A specially favorable day if you don't attempt to crowd too much into it.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Stay calm, no matter how excited others may appear to be. There's a secret here, one level head in the family.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Some neighborhood activity may call for your personal participation. Be co-operative.

MONDAY, AUGUST 10

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Wisdom in all business matters in dealing with money. Expenses are needed for the next week.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You can afford to take a calculated risk now to win something you want very much.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A busy day for you when financial matters involving real estate call for your attention.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Keep your own counsel on a business deal and don't let your hand be seen before it is necessary.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Expect the unexpected today, and you won't be in for an unpleasant surprise. Day calm.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A good time to complete important matters involving real estate call for your attention.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Somebody at a distance may influence your affairs just now. Consider matters with care. Someone you meet for the first time may have a great influence upon you.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Be wary of an over-enthusiasm to enter into a new venture. It may be a trap.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—The stars advise you not to let your work time waste in high spirits. You are not for it. You will have a busy day.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—The stars advise you not to let your work time waste in high spirits. You are not for it. You will have a busy day.

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Off-beat! That's The Phrase To Go On

London. "Off-beat" is the phrase to the woman in the street (ghostly phrase, but how else can one describe her?) two important points emerge from the mass of verbiage that springs from the recent Top Ten Collections.

No, I'm not "knocking" fashion reports. I'm simply saying that "broad back-dipping" and "gutsy, rounded" and "elongated lines" and "above the waist" mean absolutely nothing to the lay mind.

Either we should be allowed to show the new shapes with sketches and photographs now—or we should be invited to see them when the designers deem it safe for pictures to be published.

Meanwhile, the two significant points are the use of black—masses of black—and the return of the long-skirted evening dress.

For several seasons the long-skirted dress, undoubtedly mainly on all the pale blondes, coffee brown, string, beige and quite occasional colour.

But now the black dress is back to back with the long-skirted dress. It is a rather unusual sight. "Off-beat" is the phrase to the woman in the street (ghostly phrase, but how else can one describe her?) two important points emerge from the mass of verbiage that springs from the recent Top Ten Collections.

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For several seasons the long-skirted dress, undoubtedly mainly on all the pale blondes, coffee brown, string, beige and quite occasional colour.

Consider now a little black suit for Autumn, with an off-beat colour for blouse and hat.

As for those long-skirted dresses, Anne and Catherine have swept them back into fashion.

It has long been my theory that women in ankle-length dresses are much more graceful, "womanly" women. They love the rustle of their skirts and the flurry of their chiffons—as they should.

And the men, in consequence, are much more "manly". Which is the way I like 'em.

In a recent week dedicated to the serious business of fashion a deliciously different slant on it all was provided by "Bumble" Dawson who has been asked to design the clothes for a new Joyce Kilmer show.

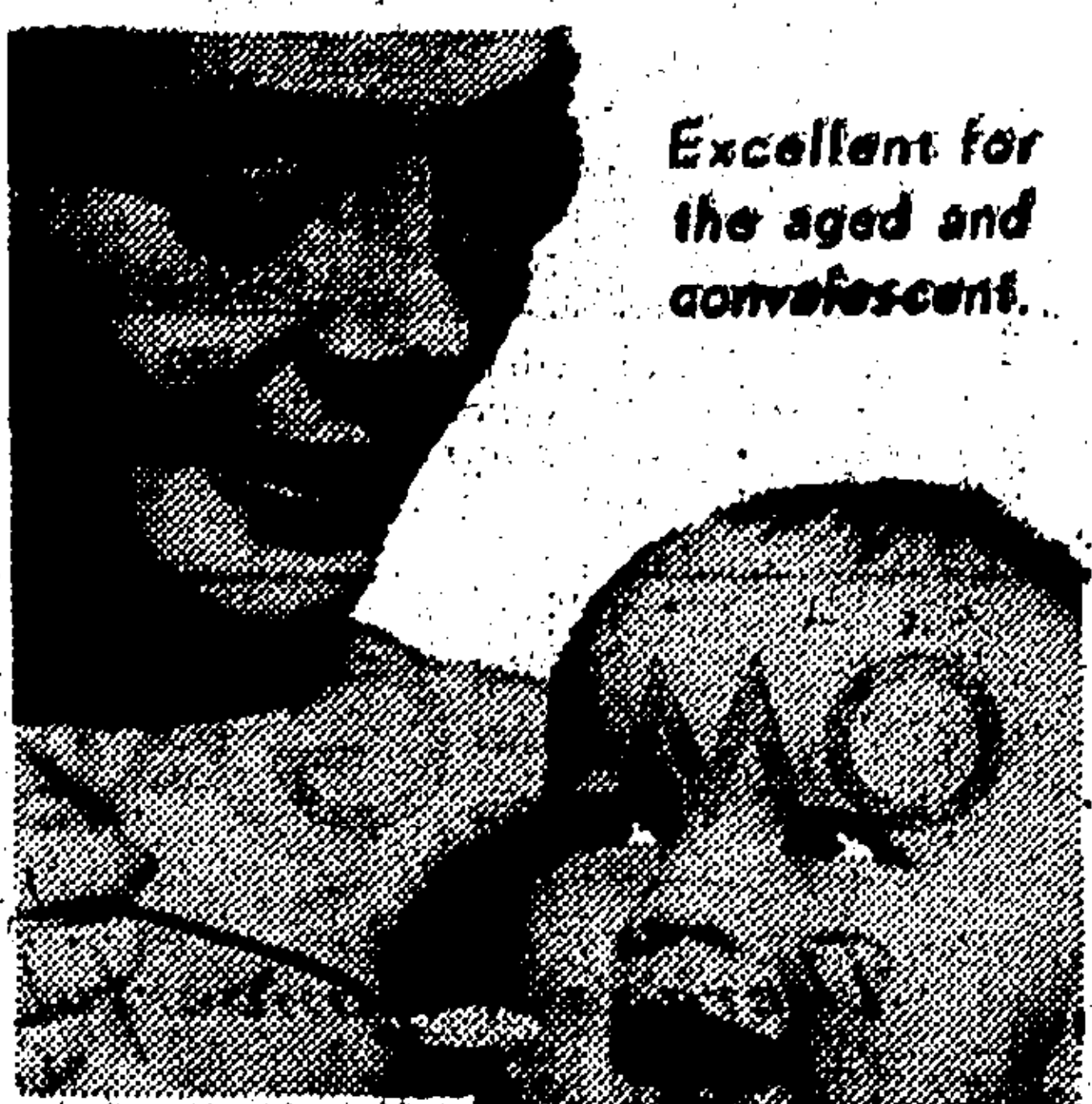
"I want to remember you did the Marilyn Monroe dresses for The Prince and the Showgirl."

"Twelve variations on a theme, that theme," she said with a rather mischievous grin. "You I hope to have a little more scope with Japan. At least, I shall be anxious to design the clothes for a new Joyce Kilmer show."

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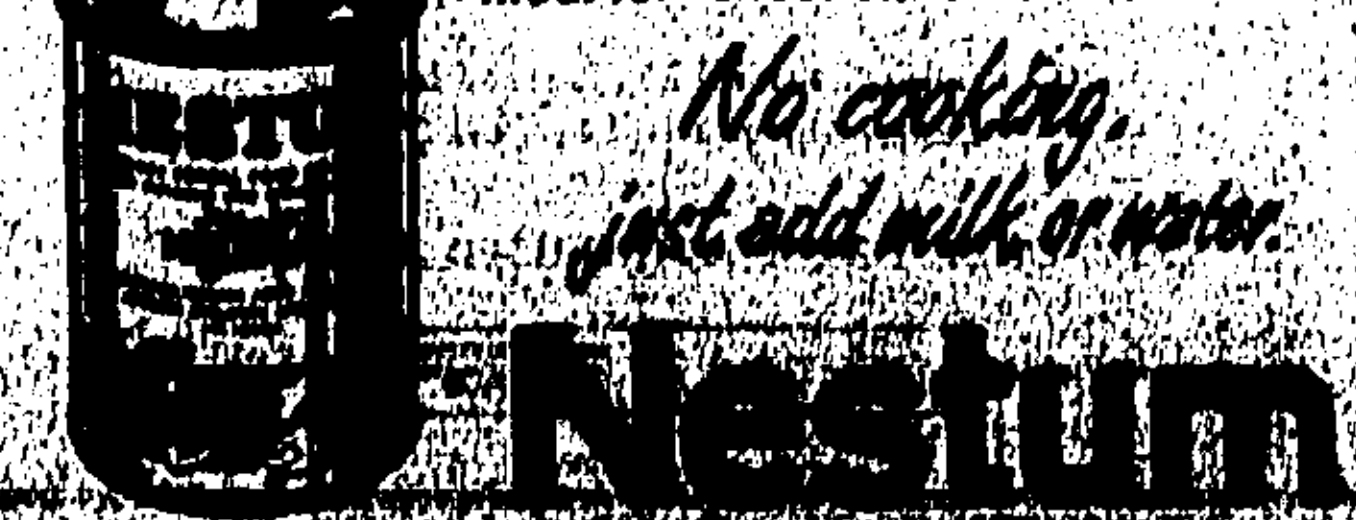
"I want to remember you did the Marilyn Monroe dresses for The Prince and the Showgirl."



Excellent for the aged and convalescent.

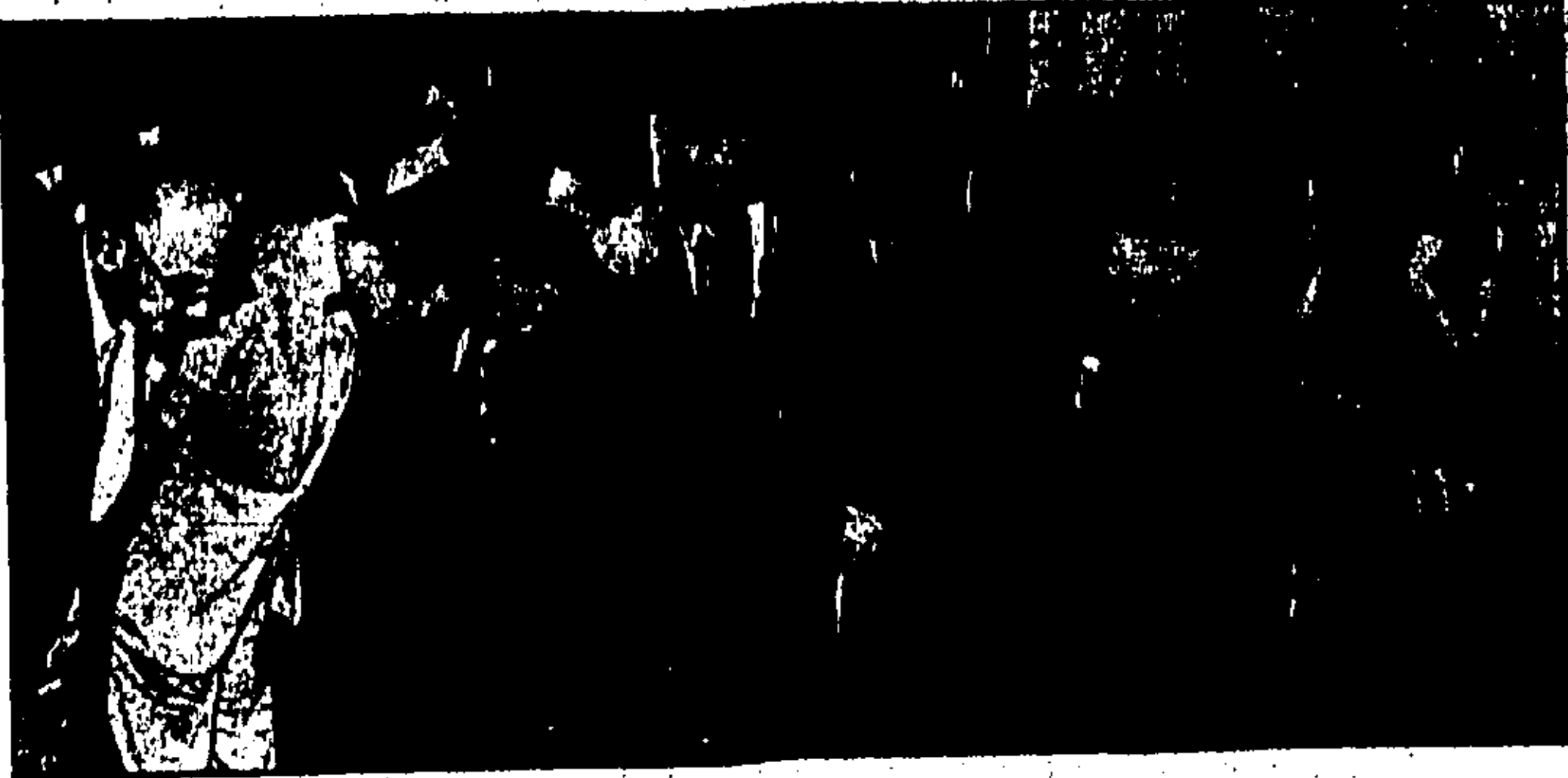
Babies love Nestum

The easy-to-eat cereal flakes. Made from a blend of sun-dried cereals, enriched with B-vitamins and mineral salts, NESTUM is the ideal first solid food for infants. It is also a delicious breakfast food as well as a substantial evening meal for school children and adults.



No cooking, just add milk or water.

Nestum



ABOVE: Seen is a section of the huge gathering at the memorial service held recently for the late Mr Wang Yuen-lung, veteran leader of the Chinese cinema world who died in Taipei last month.

★ ★ ★
BELOW CENTRE: Mr and Mrs Cary Mak seen with their attendants after their wedding at St John's Cathedral last week. The bride is the former Miss Leonora Wong.



ABOVE: General Sir Francis Festing, Chief of the Imperial General Staff (second from left), is seen walking to the aircraft that flew him to Singapore on Tuesday, following a four-day visit to the Colony.

★ ★ ★
LEFT ABOVE: Sir Robert Black, the Governor, and his daughter, Miss Barbara Black, congratulate Dr and Mrs Lgu Yue-chiu at their wedding reception held at the Peninsula Hotel. The bride (hidden) is the former Miss Shirley Ann Ruttonjee, daughter of Mr Dhun Ruttonjee (centre).



ABOVE: Mr J. R. Matthews (standing) discussing the economic aspects of world food and population on the second day of the weekend school held at St John's College, University of Hongkong, this week.

★
RIGHT: Seen at the opening of the Chartered Bank's new premises last week (l-r): Mr W. G. Pullen, Mrs V. A. Grantham, Sir Robert Black, Mr V. A. Grantham, Miss Barbara Black and Mr D. C. Martin.



ABOVE: Seen at the inauguration ceremony and dinner of the Cosmetic Trade Employees Welfare Association held at the Kam Ling Restaurant last Sunday (l-r): Messrs Au Yan-wo, Ho Kam-wing (Chairman), and C. N. Li.

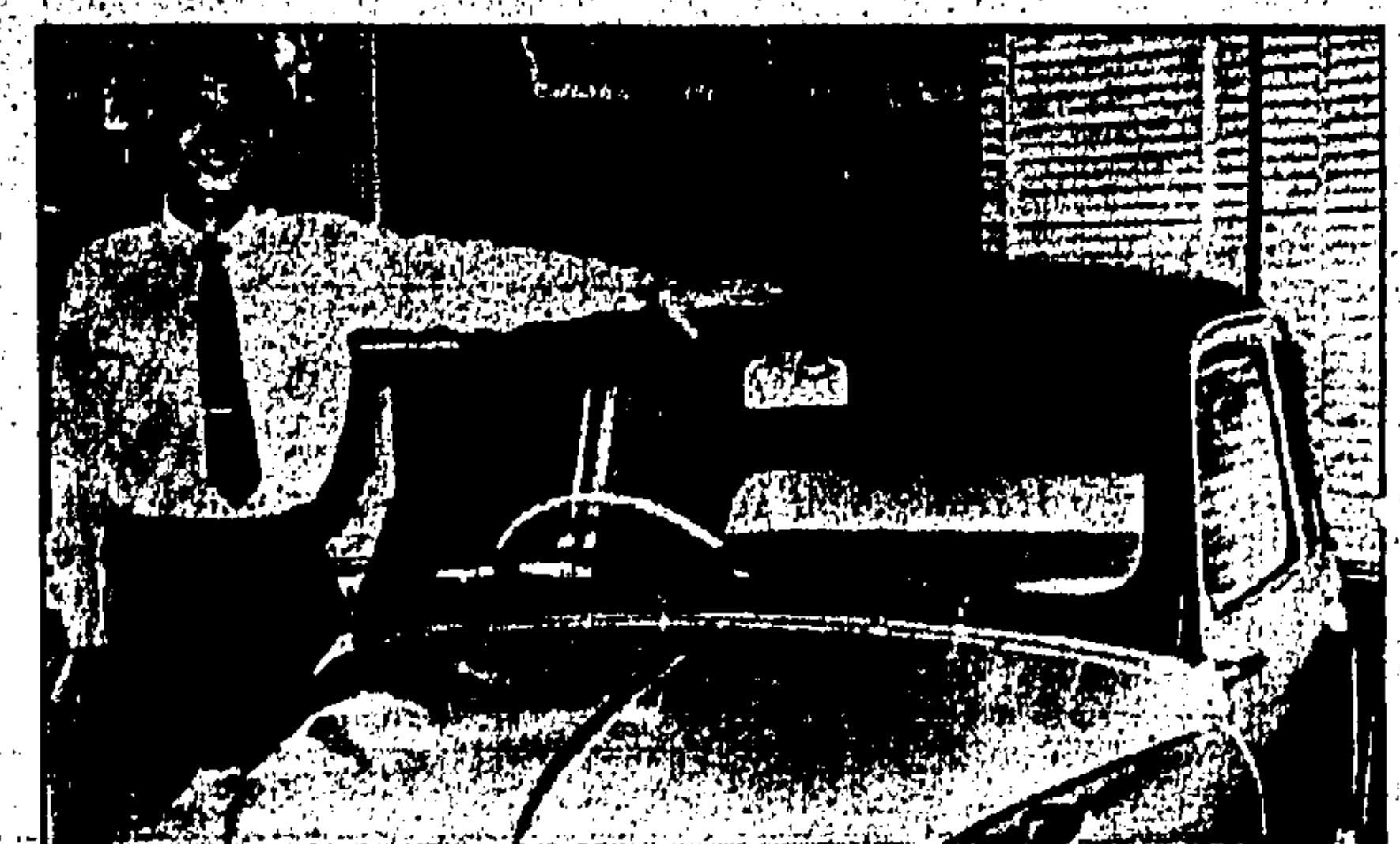
★
LEFT: Laurence Kirby, son of Professor and Mrs E. S. Kirby, celebrated his 7th birthday on Thursday. He is seen, with friends, mounted on a pony from the Shouson Hill Riding School.



ABOVE: A valuable collection of some 1,500 ancient Chinese seals was displayed at a "seal appreciation" party sponsored by Mr Sam Lai-yin at the Lingnan Club last week. Some of the seals date back 3,000 years.



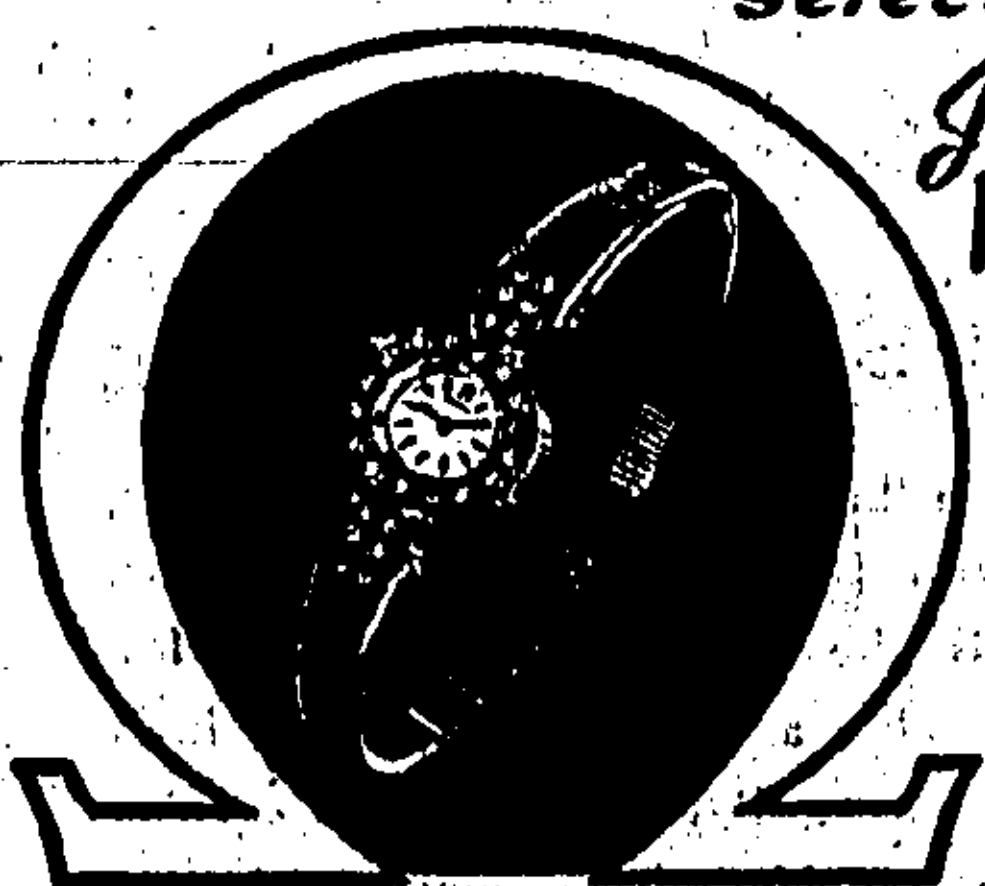
ABOVE: James, infant son of Dr and Mrs Wilson G. Wan, lies in his mother's arms after his christening at the Methodist Church on Sunday.



ABOVE: Mr Chan Ping-cho, winner of the St Vincent de Paul Society raffle held recently, poses proudly beside the Fiat car he won. The presentation was made at Regent Motors, North Point.

OMEGA

There is a wonderful selection of Jewelled Watches for Ladies

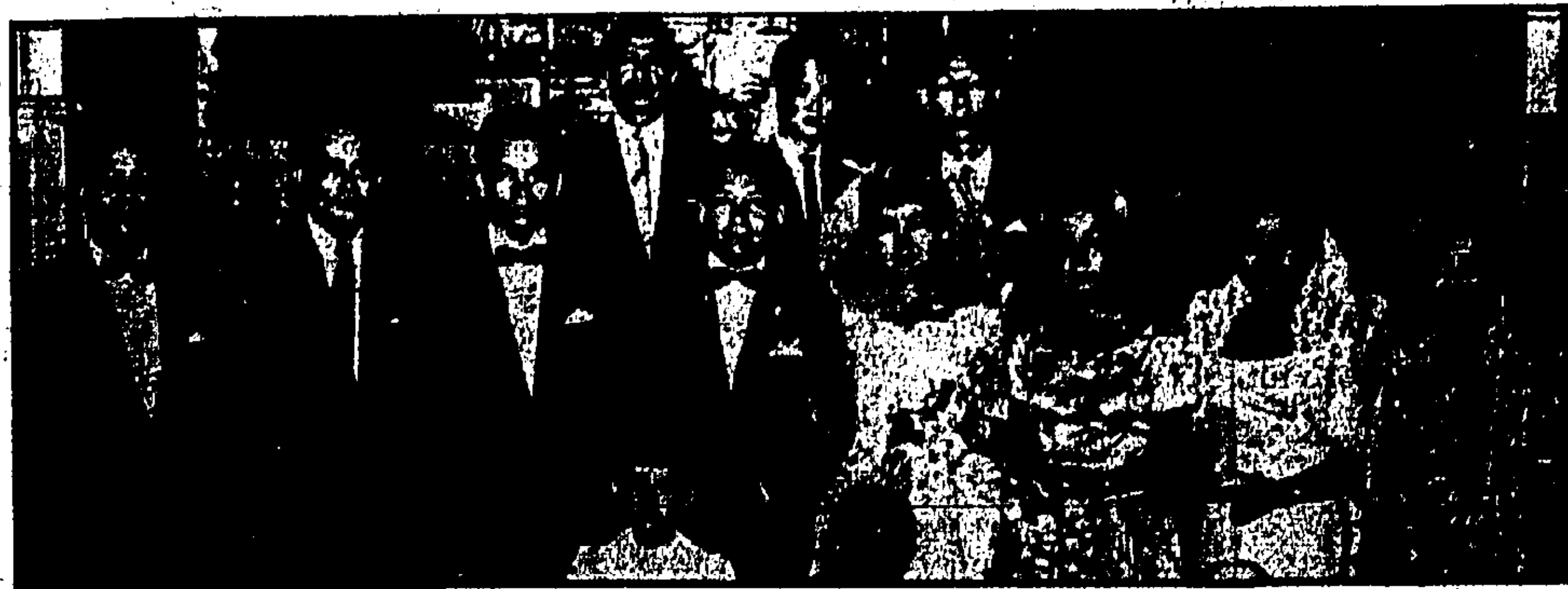


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ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Cesar C. Pastores pose with their attendants at their wedding at Rosary Church last week.

★
RIGHT: Mr Roy G. Woodward (right), technical advisor of Remington Rand International, who arrived in Hongkong recently, seen with Mr Robert Choo, who met him.

★
LEFT: Seen at the Y.M.C.A. Men's "Ladies Night," which was held at the American Club last week (l-r): Mr D. Y. Lee and Dr S. H. Peng.



All sales records broken!

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Air-Conditioner

1 H.P. 1 Ton

12,000 BTU'S CAPACITY

HIGHEST COOLING CAPACITY OF THE 1 H.P. AIR-CONDITIONERS Available in Hong Kong (True 50 Cycle)

CHUMANS



★ ★ ★
RIGHT: Mr. D. J. S. Crozier, director of Education, addresses the Government Teachers' Training Conference held at St. Stephen's College, Stanley, this week.

★
LEFT: Some of the many friends who helped Miss Jenny Lam (seventh from right, second row) celebrate her 20th birthday last week.

★ ★ ★



★ ★ ★
LEFT: Air Marshal the Earl of Sander, Commander-in-Chief Far East Air Force (right), arrived in Hongkong this week on a routine visit. Meeting him at the airport were (l-r): Wing Commander and Mrs. R. C. Rotherham and Air Commodore P. D. Holder (Air Officer Commanding, Hongkong).

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★
RIGHT: At the departure on retirement of Mr. George Milne, former Joint Managing Director of the Dairy Farm, Ice and Cold Storage Co., Ltd., and Mrs. Milne (l-r): Mr. and Mrs. E.J. Cowell, Mr. Milne, Mr. A.A. Bromner, Mrs. Milne, Mrs. R.A. de Rone and Master James Rone.

★ ★ ★



LEFT: A proud father, this marmoset, as he poses with one of his triplet offspring at the Parisian Grill Farm, Aberdeen, on Tuesday. Marmosets are a species of South American monkeys. A triple birth is very rare, experts say.

★

RIGHT: At the cocktail party marking the opening of the Hongkong branch of the Bank of America this week (l-r): Mr. John M. Steeves (U.S. Consul-General), Mr. Edward de Jong (manager) and Mr. Joseph C. K. Wong.



RIGHT: Graduates (right) of the Munsang College "pass on" the school badge to the undergraduates during the College's speech day held on Wednesday.

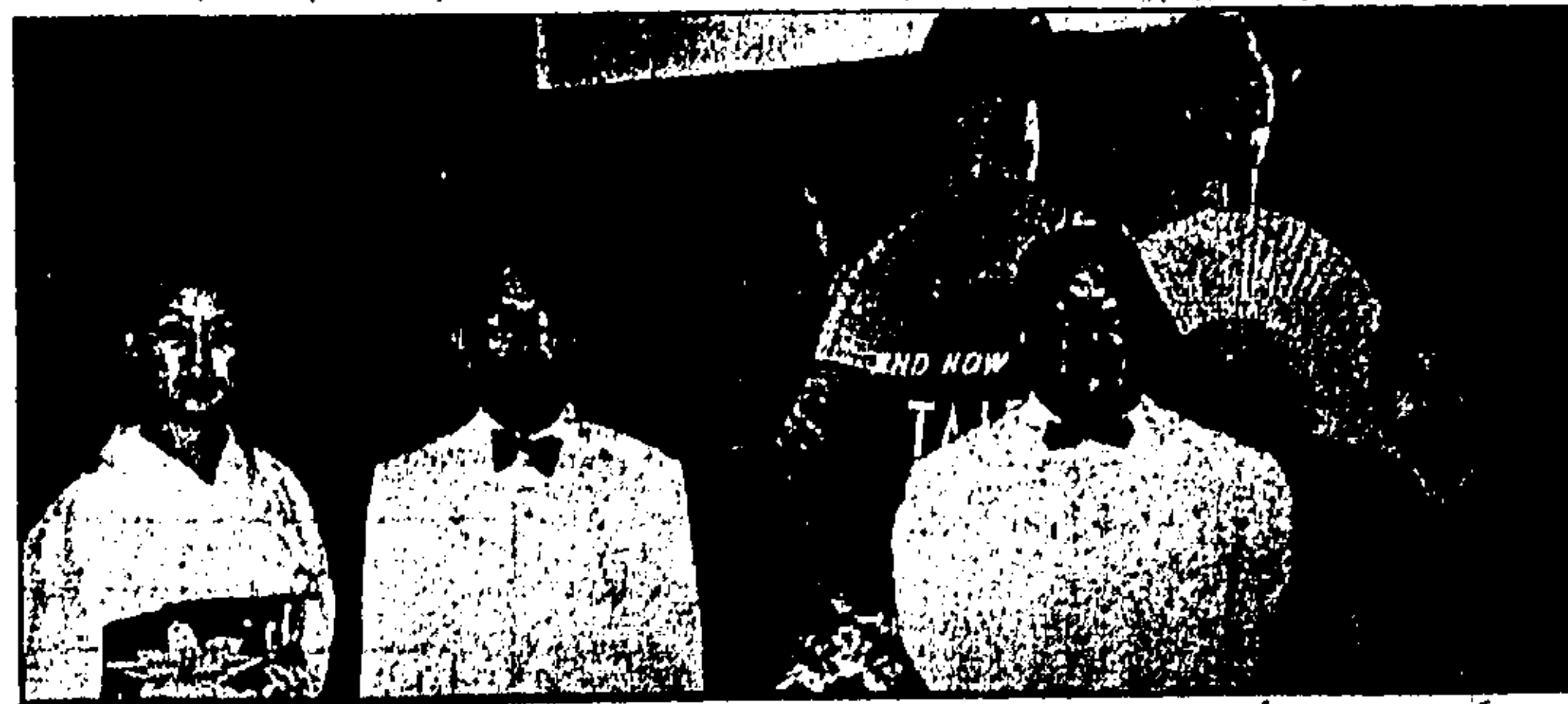
★

BELOW: This huge contingent of American Boy Scouts—104 in all—toured Hongkong on their way home after attending the recent World Jamboree in Manila.



ABOVE: Mr. L. M. Pandjaitan (right), new information officer of the Indonesian Consulate-General, and Mr. J. D. De Freitas, Consul-General (left), seen at a Press conference recently.

★
RIGHT: At the Japan Airline cocktail party this week on the occasion of the Company's inaugural flight to the Hongkong-Taipei-Tokyo service (l-r): Mr. S. Yanagita (President of JAL), and Mrs. Yanagita, Mr. and Mrs. T. Kawabuchi.



ABOVE: A cocktail party was held on board the mv Marquisen this week marking the ship's maiden voyage to Hongkong. Seen (l-r) are: Mr. D.E. Roth, Mr. A. Gassier (manager of Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes), and Capt. F. Le Guyader.

★
LEFT: The Hongkong Boy Scout contingent pose for a photograph on their return from the 10th World Jamboree held recently in Manila.

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STORE OR HOME

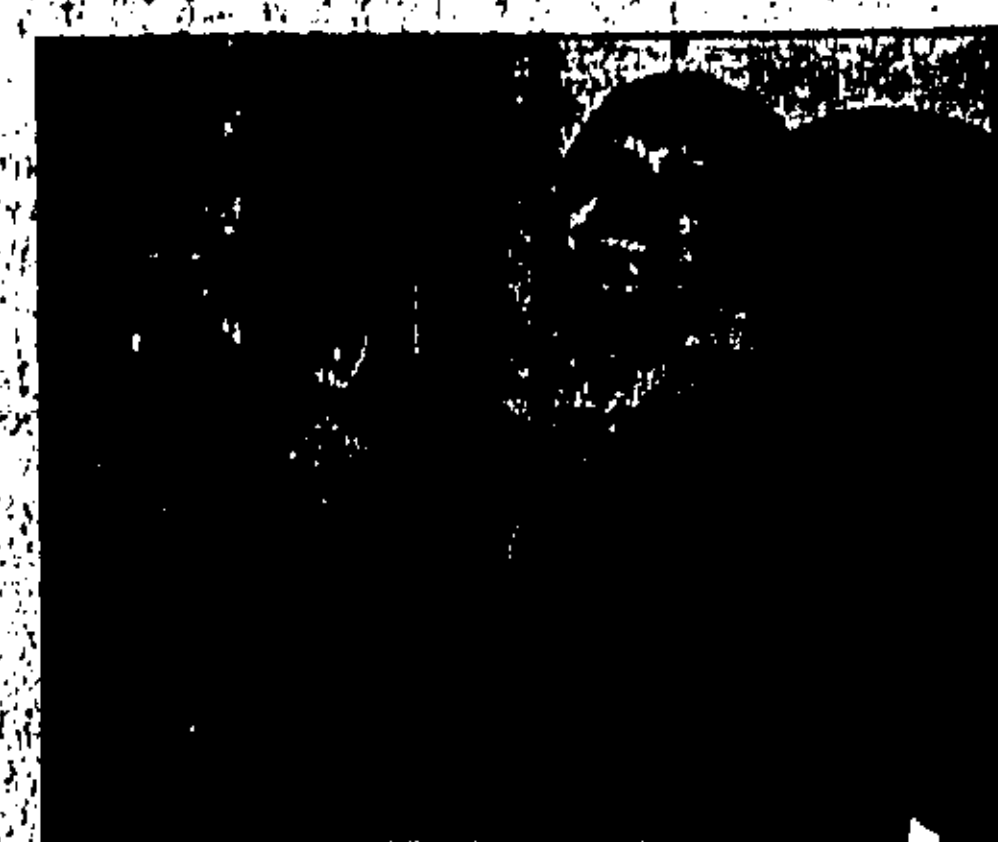
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efficiency-size

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WATER COOLER

★ NO PLUMBING
★ SPACE SAVING
★ WHISPER-QUIET
IN OPERATION

DAVIDSON & SONS
ALEXANDRIA ROAD, HONG KONG



ABOVE: At the opening of the new Kowloon Police Station (l-r): Mr. C. Wang and Mr. Wilson Wong.

ABOVE: A farewell presentation to Chief Inspector F. G. Appleton, who is retiring after 25 years' service in Hongkong, was held at the Tsimshatsui Police Station this week. Seen (l-r) are: Chief Insp. F. Roberts (standing), Chief Insp. R. MacKenzie (left), and Mr. Appleton (right).



ABOVE: At the farewell party given by the Hongkong Gold and Silver Exchange on the occasion of Mr. Appleton's departure (l-r): Mr. Appleton, Mr. C. Wang, and Mr. Wilson Wong.

Tonight's Floorshows

KEN LITTLEWOOD
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GO GAY ON THE CEILING

THE colour of a ceiling has become a matter of importance when doing a room.

There was a time when ceilings were painted white as a matter of course. Then some pioneers tried painting them just a shade lighter than the walls. But now all this has changed.

TOO MUCH SUN

In overbright rooms, where there is too much sunshine, decorators advise painting ceilings to absorb colour and so protect the eyes. Conversely, if the room is too dark—if windows are small and shadowed by adjoining windows or heavy foliage—you'll do well to consider the amount of light reflected by a colour before deciding on the ceiling's hue.

White, of course, tops the list. It reflects at least 80% of the light that falls on it.

Light ivory has a 70% rating, while apricot-beige and lemon yellow have lower ratings. Light buff reflects about 55% while peach, salmon and light pearl grey are still farther down the scale.

Pale apple green scores around 50% and medium grey has 45% less. Both light green and pale blue have a rating around 40%.

and deep rose, with 15%, is next to dark green—which has less than a 10% rating.

To make sure that light is reflected evenly, so that there are no highlights, it's wise to use flat paints on the ceilings of all rooms except the kitchen and bathroom. In these rooms, however, where walls, woodwork and ceilings are more frequently washed, it's better to apply a gloss or semigloss to all surfaces.

SOUND ABSORBERS

There is still another way in which ceilings can serve you these days. As sound absorbers, they can help solve the problem of excess noise—from TV, from the clatter of dishes, or merely from lively conversation. Sound bounces from the hard surface of glass walls and picture windows sometimes brings the problem of excess noise—from TV, from the clatter of dishes, or merely from lively conversation. Sound bounces from the hard surface of glass walls and picture windows sometimes brings the problem of excess noise—from TV, from the clatter of dishes, or merely from lively conversation. Sound bounces from the hard surface of glass walls and picture windows sometimes brings the problem of excess noise—from TV, from the clatter of dishes, or merely from lively conversation.

Heavy draperies, upholstered places and deep carpets absorb sound. However, many modern rooms do not contain sufficient sound-absorbing materials, so sound-absorbing ceilings are sometimes used to solve the problem.

Razors and rashes, shaving and soaps

A word with the doctor

By A CORRESPONDENT

I AM often asked about the advisability of shaving by a man whose face bears some rash or other. I'm afraid he's usually faced with a most unhappy alternative.

Perhaps the most common skin eruption of the face is acne. No one quite knows the cause of this condition; it certainly seems to affect the carbohydrate-loving youth. There may be some truth in the observation that these youths tend to gobble their food.

But nevertheless, the real explanation of why it occurs is still a mystery. What about shaving a face that is pimpled with acne? I think careful shaving is safe if plenty of hot water and good soap are used for washing. Acne may last for a long time, and to tell a youngster not to shave until it's cleared up isn't always practicable.

Great Care

In eczema of the face—which can occur at all ages—the position is similar. You must shave with great care. Another condition which often affects the face is impetigo.

Fortunately, this is much better controlled than it used to be and it is often better before even an early beard can show itself. In any case of impetigo, except the very severe one, shaving is advisable.

Syphilis, a barber's rash as it was called, is rarer than it was in the days of many beards and

insanitary barbers. It can run a very long course and shaving is most necessary. Patients with syphilis soon realise this fact. Although the actual business of shaving isn't a jolly one, it is better to use a brushless cream and the face should be swabbed with spirit after each shave. The razor, too, should be dipped in spirit after use.

Avoid Scented Soap

And now a brief word about razors and shaving soap. There is one slightly medicated, high-grade shaving cream which can be bought almost anywhere in the world but usually only from a chemist.

Don't buy highly-scented shaving—or any other kind—of soap. Very often, the higher the degree of smell the lower the quality of the soap.

Occasionally, I come across a patient who gets a rash whenever he uses an electric razor. The only explanation can be that he is allergic to some metal like nickel or chrome. In such cases—and indeed in the case of all patients subject to a facial rash—it is very desirable to get medical advice first. In the case of an allergy to some metal, one or two simple tests can be made to see which one is the villain.

GLORIA GORDON'S COLUMN

If This Happens To You, Don't Panic!

YOU'RE sitting quietly at home on a Sunday afternoon reading a woman's magazine when the phone rings. It's some friend you haven't seen for years . . . your invitation to supper is accepted.

But after putting down the receiver you suddenly realise that you have little left to eat in the larder — and no way of getting more!

I expect many of you have faced a similar situation—and panicked! I have! But take another look at those shelves. What have you really got?

Milk, butter, flour, sugar, salt, eggs, some spice, perhaps a small jar of minced chicken, jam or jelly, marmalade and a cucumber. And you'll almost certainly have some potatoes and a few onions in the vegetable rack.

TRY THESE

Now here's what to do with these ingredients to make a couple of delightful supper dishes.

Savoury Eclairs:

Take ½ pint of water, 2½ ozs. of butter, a pinch of salt, 5 ozs. of flour, 5 eggs, ½ pint of thick white sauce, 2 ozs. of minced chicken (cooked), 1 tablespoonful of apple jelly. Bring the water to the boil

after adding butter and salt. Gradually add the flour. Stir well and reduce the heat until the mixture forms a solid mass which can be lifted with the spoon.

Transfer to a large bowl and add 5 eggs, one at a time. When the mixture is at an almost-pouring consistency, pipe it in neat eclairs, 3 inches long, on to a greased baking sheet.

Bake them in a hot oven for 30 minutes, then allow to cool. Make ½ pint of thick white sauce and season it well with pinches of paprika and nutmeg. Blend in the minced chicken and apple jelly.

Split the eclairs and fill them with the cold savoury mixture. Serve with an onion, potato purée and cold cucumber salad.

And here's the right tasty dessert to follow.

Pancake Fritters:

Ingredients: 4 ordinary pancakes, 3 tablespoonfuls mar-

malade, 2 ozs. cake crumbs, 4 ozs. flour, pinch of salt, 1 egg yolk, 2 egg whites, 1 oz. butter, 1 gill water, icing sugar, cinnamon.

Method: Spread each of the four pancakes with a generous layer of marmalade, then sprinkle with the crumbs and roll up. Cut each pancake in half. Make a batter by sifting 2 ozs. flour and a pinch of salt. Blend in 1 egg yolk, mix well and beat in 1 oz. melted butter and 1 gill warm water.

Stir until of a smooth paste consistency. Beat the batter for 10 minutes, then leave to stand for 30 minutes. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites.

Dip the rolled pancake halves in this batter and fry in deep fat or oil until golden. Drain well and serve sprinkled with icing sugar, into which a good pinch of cinnamon has been mixed.

STORIES FOR BOYS & GIRLS

Wonderful Nail Island

—A Fabulous Place You Won't Find On the Map—

By MAX TRELL

THE geography book was open and Knarr and Hamid, the Shadow Children with the Turned-About Names, and Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and Hawatha, the Smell-Sniff, and Mary-Jane, the Rag Doll, were all crowded around it when Baron Munch came along.

"Ah," he said, after he had greeted all his young friends, "I see that you're studying the geography book."

"We're not studying it," said Knarr.

"No, we're just looking at the map," said Teddy.

"That's the same thing," said Baron Munch. "But tell me, my dear," he said to Hamid, "can you see on that map—there, that one showing those little islands in the Atlantic Ocean—an island named Nail?"

Hamid looked very sharply. She saw the islands but none of them seemed to be named Nail.

Strange Voyages

"That's a pity," said Baron Munch. "There must be something wrong with that geography book. Many years ago I took a voyage right there to the island of Nail. I found it a very curious place."

"Tell us about it!" everyone now shouted.

Baron Munch smiled and sat down. He was always glad to tell his friends about his wonderful voyages.

"We had been sailing for many days," he began. "One night there was a dreadful storm. Our ship was blown against the sharp rocks of an island. And soon our ship was broken in half. Fortunately I was able to seize a piece of floating wood and reached the shore."

On The Rocks

"The next morning," said Baron Munch, as he continued

his story, "I saw that the ship was broken into hundreds of pieces. And now, the people who lived on this island came down. These were crowds of them. Never had I seen stranger people."

"These people," said Baron Munch, "were straight as nails. In fact, as I soon discovered, they were Nails. Each had a flat head and a single leg."

"The very bluest of these Nails were called Spikes. The very smallest among them—the children—were called Tacks."

Helped By Giant

"Some of the Nails were quite thin. They were called Pins. I begged the Nails to help me rebuild my wrecked ship. They agreed to do so. But they said I must first get the help of the Giant who lived on top of the mountain. His name was Hammer, and he was strong."

"And," said Baron Munch, "with the help of Hammer, the ship was built again. For Hammer got the Nails to hold the broken pieces together and I was able to sail home again. The Nails, of course, came with me. All of them are still living in my own house. When you come to visit me I'll show them to you in my chairs and tables."

Baron Munch smiled and walked off. Then Knarr and Hamid and the others searched high and low through all the maps in the geography book. But no matter how hard they looked, they were unable to find the island of Nail. The island that Baron Munch had just told them about.



Baron Munch saw crowds of Nails on the beach.

Rupert and Raggedy—34



Rupert gathers the limbs of Spring around him. "You seem to know a lot about Raggedy," he says. "I've never seen anything like him before." "I'll show him mine," says Raggedy. "One of the limbs of Raggedy says the old trees and gradually eat

the roots until the trees come down. Trolls never do any good to anybody." "Well, this one is fantastic because he has nowhere to live," says Rupert. "I took him to my own cottage, but he wouldn't stay." One of the limbs of Raggedy says. They live under the old trees and gradually eat

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Taking 'Glamour' To Moscow

New York. Soviet women will be Glamour girls at the United States National Exhibit in Moscow.

Twenty-five thousand lipsticks will be distributed to Glamour girls, who will be wearing the latest fashions in dress.

The "Glamour" will be available daily for consultation. Visitors will receive free samples as well as beauty and fashion printed in Russian.

(London, Herald, Herald)

THE PRINCE ALSO KNOWN AS THE PRINCE OF THE NORTH

THE PRINCE OF THE NORTH IS KNOWN AS THE PRINCE OF THE NORTH. HE IS KNOWN AS THE PRINCE OF THE NORTH. HE IS KNOWN AS THE PRINCE OF THE NORTH.

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THE WORLD FAMOUS
PURE FRESH MILK

Now Miss Wynter boosts Mr. More

How is Miss Wynter enjoying the irony of the situation? For,

"Actually I find this business of who is known and who isn't acutely embarrassing. Of course, it's true that Kenneth More isn't known in the States as he should be—though he's much better known than Dirk Bogarde. Whereas I've made many pictures and done lots of TV and I am known now."

Some years ago Mr Bogarde turned down the lead in a Hollywood film called *The Egyptian*. It went to a non-Englishman called Edmund Purdom.

"I, for instance, am 'a lady.' Not long ago I turned down a film at 20th Century-Fox because I didn't like the story. The producer, Jerry Wald, said I was crazy. 'It's got a rape scene in it,' he said. 'And that's just what you need. You're too damn much of a lady—like Deborah Kerr was before she made



Why, he was asked later, had he not stayed over for her Majesty's visit?
He was in a hurry, explained

Today, with her success in *The Nun's Story*, she is rightly acclaimed a world star. Her husband, Mel Ferrer—who came with her to London last week—explains it simply.

PROBLEM CHILD

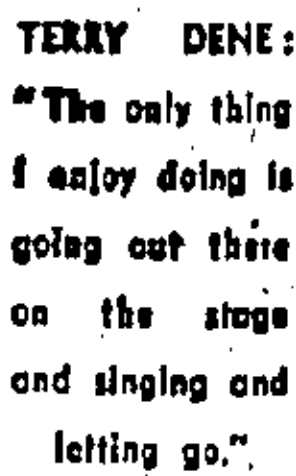
Playwright Harry Kurnitz—who wrote *Once More, With Feeling*—has been discussing the impending divorce of a Hollywood star and his wife.

"The only thing holding it up," says Kurnitz, "is their struggle over the custody of their child. Neither of them wants it."

—(London Express Service).

"It's the same for the kids, too. They can let go—shout and any other woman. I don't think I shall ever marry again."

—(London Express Service).



Money Or Your Wife, originally called Where There's a Will—to 21-year-old Rank contract artist Barbara Steele. It would be nice if they did have to wait two years. Miss Steele, though she did not answer the advertisement, their chance. —(London Express Service)



It would be nice if they didn't have to wait two years for their chance.
—(London Express Service).

London Express Service.

Passages, call 32621, 64072, 27160.



WHAT A KICK I GOT FROM THIS LOT...



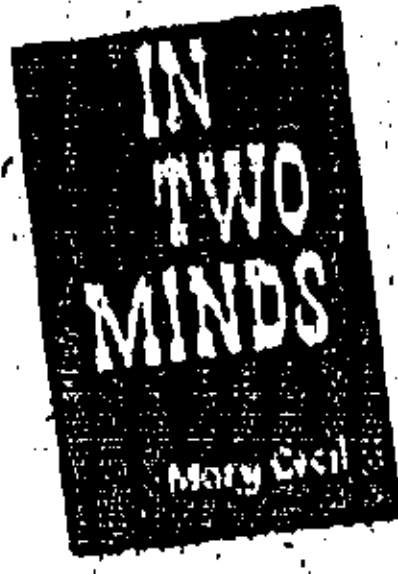
PAGAN AND PASSIONATE



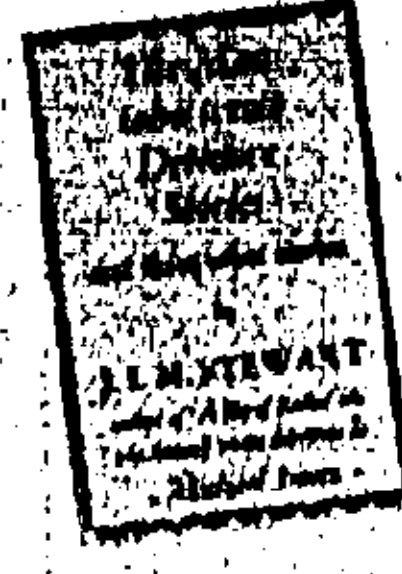
CORN BUT NOT CORNY



A DANDY IN DISAVOW



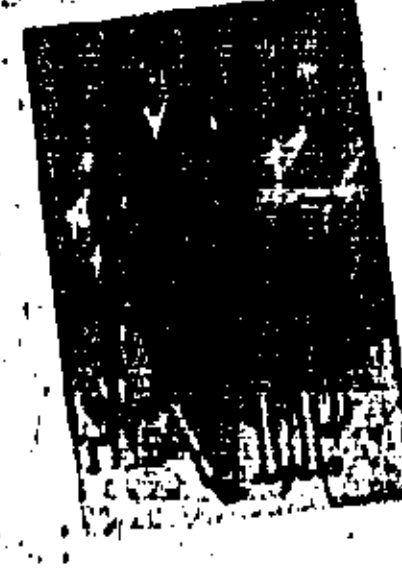
IN TWO MINDS



PERFECTION FROM THE PROFESSOR



A PINT MILK KAY IN THE DESERT



AND SHOTS IN MILLIONAIRES' ROW

Here's one story about a barmaid I'd willingly listen to again!

THE FOLLOWING SEASONS, by Donald Ford (Bodley Head, 15s.)

DIVORCING his art from his politics, the prospective Socialist candidate for Epping in the coming General Election has boldly produced a Welsh novel of rich and pagan allure.

Here is one Welsh novel with no Chapel in it and no politics. Gwilym Evans is a hill farmer. His first wife dies leaving him with an unwanted daughter. He falls in love with Rachel, the big barmaid in the village.

The ex-barmaid, strong, passionate, quarrelsome, is one of the most satisfying characters seen in English fiction this year. The story of her deep love for him after their marriage, and for the wildly lovely Top Farm, is remarkably enthralling.

A fine novel, Mr Ford's prose pads on with integrity and a kind of blunt, ungracing, aptness, not unlike that of D. H. Lawrence.

Had-bearded Mr Ford is currently writing two other novels and a biography of Sir Stafford Cripps. He is a magistrate and is chairman of the London County Council's General Purposes Committee, yet he is only 34.

FARMER'S GLORY

ONE WOMAN FARM, by Betty Lussier (Cape, 15s.)

WHAT a woman this bit of autobiography reveals! Born in Canada and reared on a Maryland farm, the Second

World War came when she was 16.

Although she had American nationality, Betty Lussier pushed straight over to England and became a ferry pilot. In the war she met her Spanish business-man husband.

Prosperous life in Madrid is all right for some women. (I happen to know it.) Lots of worldly, painted women meet daily, gossip, and make "el plan" for wasting time, usually in "el cinema."

This woman's answer was to order a big American tractor and enough Texan maize seed to plant up 1,000 acres.

She induced a business friend of her husband's to allow her as a partner to cultivate 1,000 acres of his vast farmland in what was then Spanish Morocco.

With Pilar, her Spanish maid, and four young sons — the oldest was born on an English golf course — she went to Larache, on the Atlantic coast.

Once nearly got shipwrecked and lost into Larache when the weather eased. There I saw great Moors striding the dust, bunches of parsley in their fists.

Up the River Lukus, at whose mouth our buttered yacht lay, the mosquitoes were big as hornets. The locals were all malarial, the quays drenched in blood from the funny catches.

But Betty Lussier takes all in her devouring stride. Mosquitoes aren't even mentioned. Malaria? Pout!

She arrives, settles on "her" land, sows, grows, and harvests. Corn growing is almost a disaster with her, and it is peculiarly contagious. She succeeds overwhelmingly in spite of every difficulty.

Then, to make a fine ending, her Spanish partners, jealous of her efficiency and fearful of her progressiveness, get rid of her. An extraordinary story well told.

TRIUMPH, TRAGEDY

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, by Robert Rhodes James (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 36s.)

THE young tribune who led a short life of triumph and tragedy, as Sir Max Beerbohm described Lord Randolph Churchill, was born in February 1849 and died in January 1895.

The seventh Duke of Marlborough married the eldest daughter of the third Marquis of Londonderry; Lord Randolph was their second surviving son.

He was, of course, the father of Sir Winston, and the grandfather of the present "Randolph."

When Queen Victoria one morning at Balmoral opened a box from the India Office, where Lord Randolph then officiated, she found a pile of cigarette ash. Even the Queen is reported to have been amused. But she never liked him.

"Clever, undoubtedly..." she wrote of him to the Prince of Wales. "But pray don't cor-

respond with him, for he really is not to be trusted."

Today's readers will probably judge that the Queen maligned a loyal, if unruly, servant, and that her persistent mistrust was as unjust as it was ill-founded.

Her prejudice arose mainly from Lord Randolph's earlier fierce quarrel with the Prince when the latter had suggested that the Marquis of Blandford should marry Lady Aylesford.

This angered Randolph, who threatened to publish former letters written to Lady Aylesford by the Prince. The matter became so warm that a duel in Rotterdam was considered, and the Queen and the Cabinet were drawn in to avert a constitutional crisis.

In these pages the reader can almost see another Winston Churchill — dogged by ill-luck and ill-health, and denied truly great opportunity — peering the prosperous but inhibited Victorian scene.

SPIRIT LANGUAGE

IN TWO MINDS, by Mary Cecil (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.)

IT seems to be difficult to translate into decent writing the modern sophisticated Englishwoman's peculiar attraction, her waywardness, her bubbling charm, her humour — something quite indigenous, and very important.

Miss Nancy Mitford has done it beautifully. Who else? Yet here is a new young woman writer who, in her first novel, does that, and more. As well as presenting a woman of character and wit, a woman who really loves and is loved, she presents the alarming world of the Spirits.

Clare, the heroine, is a musician living in a London bed-sitter with another musician who is waiting for his divorce to come through. There is a highly-plagued domestic life, scratching for money, parked all day, laughing at night. But Clare has been a spiritualist, and a spirit whom she knows as Peter begins to take possession of her on Page One, and cannot be exorcised until the last chapter.

Peter is as detestable as Clare is charming. Insistent, clever, diabolical, he systematically ruins her. She is driven to an asylum, where she submits to insulin treatment. The young woman's fight for sanity and happiness is horrifying.

It would be intolerable were it not for a wonderfully light and pleasing touch and zealous presentation of character and situation.

SHORT CIRCUIT

THE MAN WHO WROTE DETECTIVE STORIES, by J. H. Sturges (Collins, 15s. 6d.)

A T Florian's, in Venice, with St Mark's "spinning" and

glittering like a pile of bubbles' near by, the narrator of this long short story moans an old acquaintance, Freddie Seston.

Seston, he remembers, is director of an obscure art gallery in the North of England, and writes books on Italian painting. It puzzles him that Seston should live in luxury at Daniel's, until he realises that Seston also, under another name, writes widely read detective stories.

Inspector Cuff arrives from Scotland Yard. He informs them that a murder has been done in England exactly according to the formula of Seston's latest whodunit. The electricity was connected to the bath pipes in a certain ingenious manner. But Seston's book is not yet published. How, then, had the murderer cribbed the idea?

The problem is explained in a story that is perfect from first word to last. This, perhaps, is not so mysterious. Mr Stewart, a dmn at Christ Church, Oxford, has under the name Michael Innes, written superlative detective stories.

ODD HOBBY

ICARUS, A YOUNG MAN IN THE SAHARA, by Axel Jensen (Allen & Unwin, 16s.)

THIS salvage and talented young Norwegian thrust his way 1,300 miles into the desert, and built himself a horrid little of rocks near the cave of the ex-drapier Maurice

Nerval, who lived on a pint of goat's milk per day, and amused himself by letting horned snakes glide over his flesh. A wild, unusual book of distinct quality.

A SIEGE

THE V.I.P., by Eileen Trevor (Heinemann, 16s.)

AN extravaganza about a Ruritanian-type king who gets to London and is seized and hidden by Communist agents, together with an English girl who loves him.

Bursts of firing at the west end of Kensington Gardens as the king is laid to the Russian Embassy in Millionaires' Row. (London Express Service.)

The old triangle gets a new and vivid look

By RICHARD LISTER

A NET FOR VENUS. By David Garnett. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

THIS is a quite brilliant little novel. It takes the most dangerously banal-looking subject — a county woman from Wiltshire, with a devoted son and husband, falling passionately in love with a dashing young man from a circus — and treats it with such directness, truth, vividness and vitality that it is never in danger of being banal in the least.

The story is both simple and subtle, short and crowded, and quite un-put-downable.

The beautiful Venetia's relations with her agreeable, civilised husband, Toby, are in the doldrums. He is an ex-pilot who lost a leg in the war and is now an aircraft executive, absorbed in problems of airflow and metal fatigue far outside her range.

COMES ALIVE

He has a highly competent secretary, Angela, who is in love with him; the son, Sebastian, is at boarding school, and Venetia in Wiltshire is bored stiff. Her affair with the dazzling and common young circus man, Carlo, revitalises her feelings.

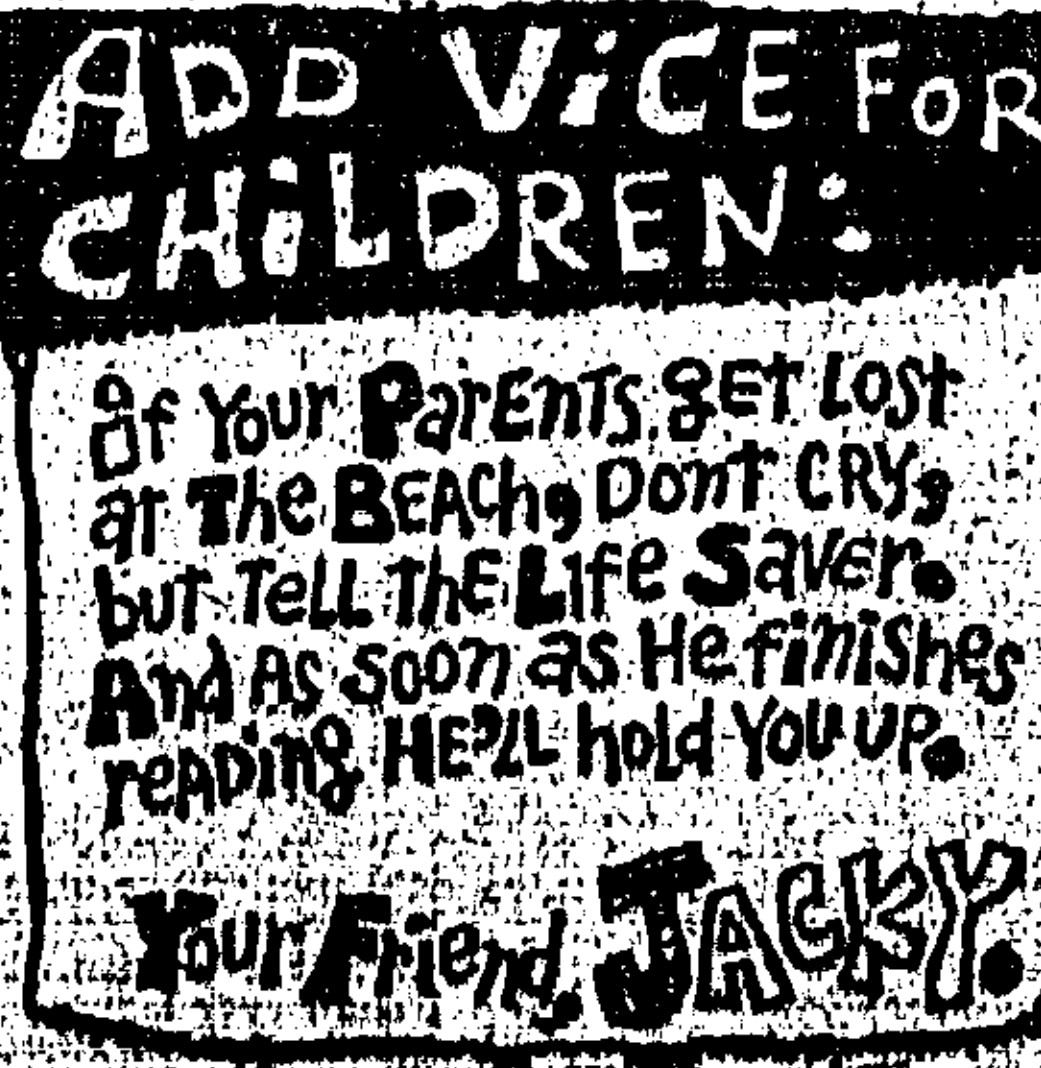
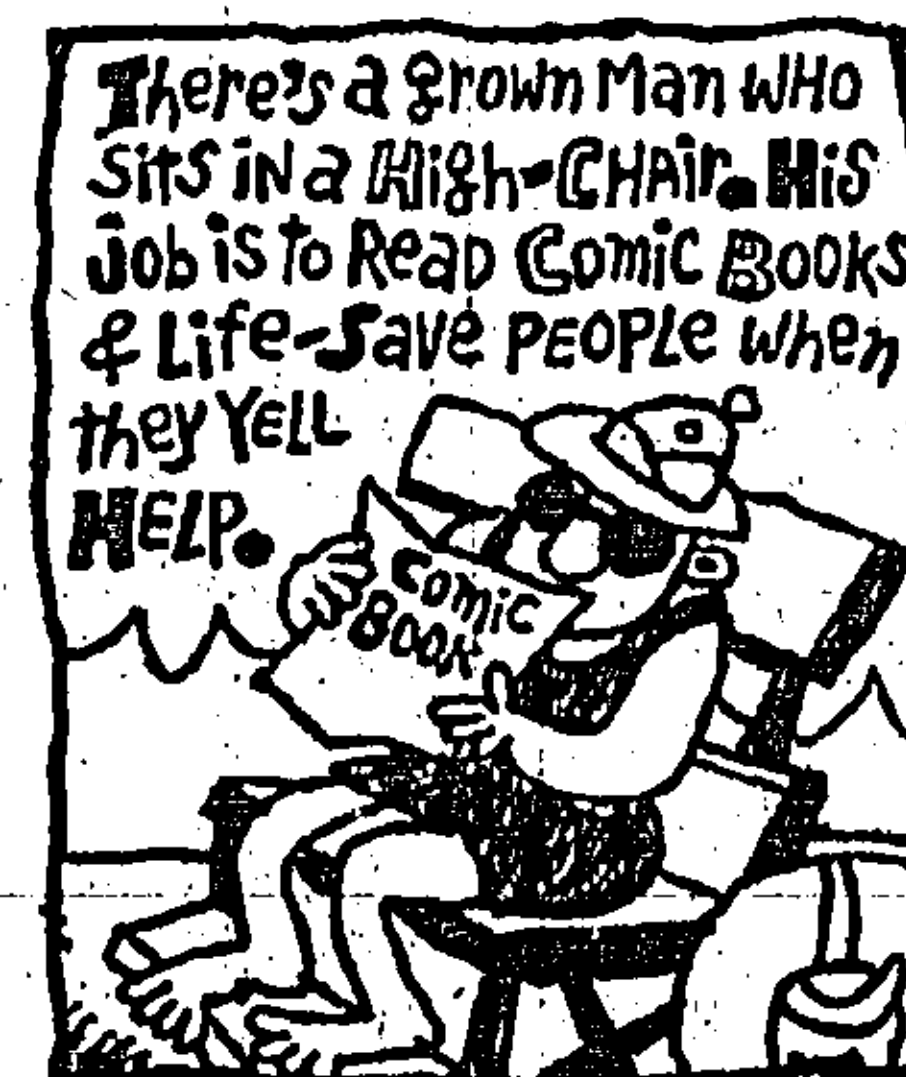
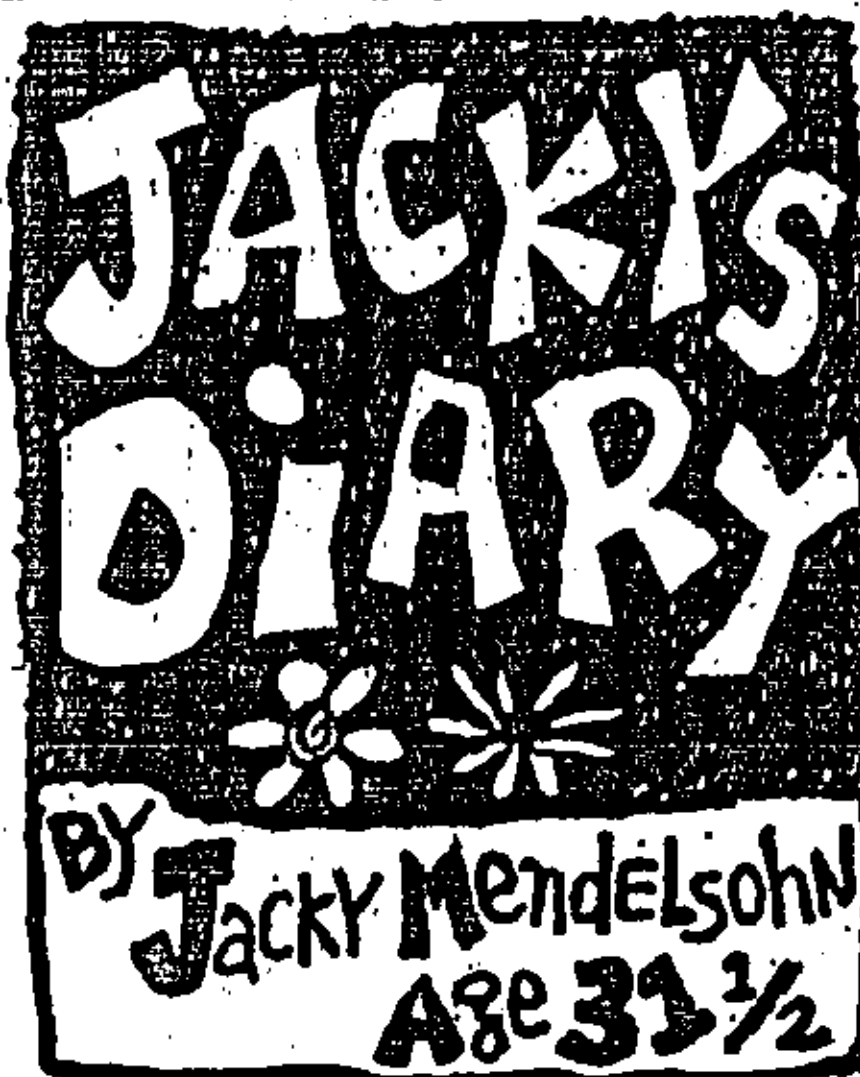
Between assignments, she comes alive with her husband, too. He, when he discovers the reason, has a double reaction. On the one hand, he becomes obsessed by phantasies of killing the young man in the nastiest ways possible; on the other hand

he has a compulsive desire to subdue, short and crowded, and aid his wife in her infidelity. This triangular relationship, as complicated in its texture as it is simple in the telling, is bedevilled by the jealous spying of the secretary, Angela, who doesn't know what Toby knows, and by a police agent which brings young Sebastian home from school.

Toby's patience is rewarded by Venetia getting over her infatuation, and this ruffle in the Wiltshire waters ends in a scene of near farce with Angela trying to expose Carlo and Venetia and only succeeding in opening the son's eyes to a situation he cannot comprehend.

Mr Garnett tells his tale with a remarkable economy. Though brief, his novel is closely packed: the characters are fresh, alive, contemporary; the scenes vivid and varied. The narrative is as rapid and compelling as one of Somerset Maugham's, but on a much less superficial level. In short, a minor triumph.

(London Express Service.)



HE WENT TO HIS DEATH WITH HIS ENGINE

So run the opening lines of "The Ballad of John Axon."

Christiana Brand chose a cosmopolitan setting and cast for her successful mystery thriller "Tour de Force" which Gilles Cooper adapted as the radio serial "A Knife in the Sun"—



Since the war it has been broadcast many times in England in four different versions—the best known of which was that by the late Gilbert Murray which was broadcast in the BBC's "World Theatre" in 1946.

In the BBC's current "World Theatre" series in connection with the 1953 International Year of the Poet, it can be heard on 8.15 listeners in Hongkong can hear the most recent version of the play by two young scholars and poets, Iain Fletcher and D. C. Carne-Ross. Their translation was originally published in the International review "Adam" in 1953 and was much praised by the critics at the time for its poetic feeling, variety of colour, and especially

**Wolfitt, Wanamaker
And 'The Method'**
A BBC programme of particular interest to lovers of the

Anniversary Concert

Nineteen-fifty-nine marks the death of George Frederick Handel, the German composer.

In the Anniversary Concert on Sunday night at 8.45 Radio Hongkong is broadcasting a BBC recording of some of Handel's music: The Chandos Anthem Nos. 1 and 3 ("O be Joyful in the Lord" and "Have Mercy upon Me, O God") which he wrote while he was serving as Chaplain Master to James Brydges, Earl of Carnarvon and later first Duke of Chandos, and the Organ Concerto No. 5.

8.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA.
By Alistair Cooke.
8.45 MELODY HOUR.
Frank Chacksfield and his
Orchestra, The Kenny Powell
Trio, Guest Singing star:
Roberto Cardinali.
Introduced by Roy Williamson.
Host James Douglas.

STEF

DEO

Sundays

8:00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
WEATHER REPORT
AND NEWS PARADE
9:00 SUNDAY STAFFING SONG.
10:00 WEATHER REPORT.
10:30 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS SPECIAL AN-
NOUNCEMENTS
11:15 "HEADS UP"
Presented by Ted Thomas.
12:00 BBC NORTHERN ORCHESTRA.
Conducted by John Wood.
12:30 BBC SOUNDING SONGS
UNIVERSITY SONGS
Presented by John Wood and
Orchestra of the Vienna Folk
Theatre.
1:00 WEATHER REPORT.
1:30 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS
2:00 THE EPICURE
1935 Sunday after Totipot.
2:30 "KIDNEY" IN
ORGAN-INTERLUDE.
3:00 CLOSE DOWN.

Monday

7:00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
MARCH.
7:30 DAY MORNING MUSIC

8:00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL	11:00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS
WEATHER REPORT	
9:00 MORNING PARADE	11:15 THE EPAGUE
9:10 SUNDAY STRING BONG.	11:25 Sunday after Thirty
9:20 MORNING NEWS	"Morning in the Valley"
9:30 TIME SIGNAL	ORGAN-INTERLUDE
THE NEWS SPECIAL AN-	11:30 CLOSE DOWN
NOUCEMENTS	
9:45 "HEADS UP"	
Presented by Ted Thomas.	
BBC NORTHERN ORCHESTRA.	
Conducted by John Barbirolli.	
9:50 KING OF THE SINGERS	
UNIVERSITY SONGS.	
Presented by the Choir and	
Orchestra of the Virginia Poly-	
technic Institute.	
10:00 THE NEWS	
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UNIVERSITY BOND.
With Male Chorus and Or-
chestra of the Vienna Folk
1.00 A.M. TIME SIGNAL.
MARCH.
MONDAY MORNING MUSIC

5:00	THE SEVEN BROTHERS IN THE WELL. A French Noeuveme Tale.	Robertson, Nancy Spaul, Frank Mull and Denis Norden. U.S.
5:15	(A) THE SEVEN BROTHERS IN THE WELL. A French Noeuveme Tale.	Robertson, Nancy Spaul, Frank Mull and Denis Norden. U.S.
6:00	LA DEMI HEURE FRANÇAISE. French news and features.	(Repeat of last Sunday's Broadcast)
6:15	THE ARCHER. An everyday story of country life.	5:55 WEATHER REPORT.
6:30	MUSICAL INTERLUDE.	10:05 TIME SIGNAL.
6:45	THE ARCHER. An everyday story of country life.	10:10 THE NEWS. HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
6:55	AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE DARTMOOR AND CROSS BY RIVER. ORIGIN.	10:15 INTERNATIONAL BROADCASTING.
7:00	WEATHER DIP.	10:20 With Denis Norden.
7:15	WEATHER REPORT.	10:35 A HINT IN THE PARK.
7:30	TIME SIGNAL. THE NEWS.	10:40 THE NEWS. HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7:45	YOU'RE ASKED FOR IT.	10:45 WEATHER REPORT.
8:00	YOU'RE ASKED FOR IT.	11:00 TIME SIGNAL. RADIO CITY.
8:15	YOU'RE ASKED FOR IT.	11:15 WEATHER REPORT.

6.00	LA DEMI HEURE PHRANCAISE	(Repeat of last Sunday's Broadcast)
6.15	LES ECHOS DE LA VIE CIVILISEE	6.55 WEATHER REPORT.
6.30	THE ARCHER	7.00 TIME SIGNAL.
6.45	AN everyday story of culture.	7.15 THE NEWS - HOME NEWS
6.55	MUSICAL INTERLUDE	7.30 FROM BRITAIN.
7.00	THE NEWS - WORLD NEWS	7.45 THE WEATHER REPORT.
7.15	AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE DARTMOOR AND CROSS BY RIVER AREA.	7.55 VOL.
7.30	LUCKY DIP	With Dennis Richmond
7.45	THE WEATHER REPORT.	8.05 A HIKE IN THE PARK
7.55	TIME SIGNAL.	8.15 THE NEWS - WORLD NEWS
8.05	THE NEWS - HOME NEWS	8.30 THE WEATHER REPORT.
8.20	YOU'RE ASKED FOR IT	8.45 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO MET

8.00	TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS	10.00	TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NET
8.10	COMMENTARY	11.00	REX
8.30	YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT	11.15	REVENUE

1.15	NEWS HUMANITY.	1.40	DEVOT AND HIS OCCURENCE.
1.20	THE GREAT RUST.	1.45	THEATER REPORT.
1.25	DIARY FOR TODAY.	1.50	THE LIVING NEWS.
1.30	THEATER REPORT.	1.55	THE LIVING CINEMA.
1.35	TIME SIGNAL THE NEWS.	2.00	A Symposium on the Theater.
1.40	PROGRAMMING PARADE.	2.05	"SCHENK SONG."
1.45	THE LIVING NEWS.	2.10	THEATER REPORT.
1.50	CLOSE DOWN.	2.15	WEATHER REPORT.
1.55	THE LIVING NEWS.	2.20	TIME SIGNAL.
2.00	By the Rev. J. B. W. Gallahue.	2.25	THE LIVING NEWS.
2.05	THEATER FAVOURITES.	2.30	FROM BRITAIN.
2.10	TIME SIGNAL.	2.35	IN THE GROOVE.
2.15	THE LIVING NEWS.	2.40	WEATHER REPORT.
2.20	By Alister Cooke.	2.45	TIME SIGNAL.
2.25	(Response to last Wednesday's Broadcast.)	2.50	GOODNIGHT MUSIC.
2.30	WEATHER REPORT.		
2.35	THE LIVING NEWS.		
2.40	THE NEWS A SPECIAL AN-		

[illegible]

78.	1.11 WEATHER REPORT.	11.40 TIME SIGNAL, MIDNIGHT MUSIC.
	1.15 TIME SIGNAL.	12.01 MIDNIGHT MUSIC.
	THE NEW 10 SPECIAL AN-	12.15 MIDNIGHT MUSIC.
		12.30 CLOSE DOWN.

* Miramar Arcade Branch open Sundays 2:30 — 12:30 a.m. *

I'M GLAD I PUT MY SHIRT ON BAIG

He's The Sort That Cricket Needs Today

By KEITH MILLER
Ex-Vice-Captain of Australia



Abbas Ali Baig—what a wonderful name for a funfair magician! At least you could have been pardoned for saying so a few weeks ago. But by now, to anyone who cares about cricket, the name means only one sort of wizardry. Last week the magic in his bat admitted this young Indian to the very select band of players who made centuries in their first Test Match.

"Abby," as his pals call him, is 20, just under 5ft 6ins and his first century for his school at the age of 10. He never had any coaching, but at 16 he was playing in an Indian Test trial.

In 1956 he played for his state, Hyderabad, before coming to be educated in

England. He is now reading for a science degree at Oxford.

He has already hit three centuries for the university this season and two for India.

Cheeky

I was playing for MCC against Oxford at Lord's recently when Abby wandered in to bat after his captain, Alan Smith, had been dismissed early in the innings. I had heard a great deal about this Baig.

I peered towards the majestic Long Room and watched him, small and dark, on the long walk to take his stance at the crease.

He walks like Ian Craig, but is more of the build of Neil Harvey, on smaller lines.

His voice is soft with that bit of crispness about it to alert you he's on the ball. His English is perfect. So is his batting.

Bowling to this youngster was an experience even to the now-retired Miller. He started off pretty cheekily. He hit me for a couple of fours when I was testing him out.

Adventurous

He looked a class player even from his stance. I ran in and slammed down over after over at Baig but he didn't flinch a bit. Attack was his defence. He calmly proceeded to hit 50-odd, scoring all round the wicket.

Let's test him with a bumper, I thought. I hurried it down hoping Baig would hit across it, lofting a catch to the on side, but he had other ideas.

Down came the bumper outside the off-stump. Panther-like Baig sprung into action, went for a hook, but didn't quite get it on the meat of the bat and the ball fell slightly short of mid on. "Cheeky youngster," I mumbled to myself. But though no runs resulted it was

a stroke attempted by the Comptons, the O'Neills, the Brindmans, the McCubers—a stroke of adventure.

What is more, it could easily have been a six, at Lord's of all places—especially in front of the Tavern.

I suggested he should be included in the Indian team. When we met three weeks later I said to Abby: "Good luck in the Test." "I mightn't get into the team," he said. He did. And the Indians put up the fight of their lives at Old Trafford last week.

Baig was their new hero. He held the team together. He gave them that drive that had been lacking before. Even older, more experienced Polly Umrigar was stung into action by this lad from Hyderabad.

Approaching his century Baig was felled by a vicious Rhodes bumper which struck him on the temple. He retired but resumed yesterday morning. More batters from Trinidad and particularly Rhodes and his score went to 98.

Another vicious bumper, the sort of delivery that had dropped him the day before. But did Baig flinch? He was entitled to duck under the ball. But he stood directly in the line of the thunderbolt.

Magic Touch

His bat flashed across, and then crash—the ball sped to the boundary with everyone on the ground cheering the lad to the echo. A century in his first Test. Every cricketer's dream. My hands were sore from handclapping.

He left the ground, his magical bat tucked away in his cricket bag. But it will be out again soon and people are going to flock to see his magic touch again.

Who said cricket was dead? With the Baigs and Normans O'Neills around, how can it be?

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Name the great American combination which has recently won the highest honours in Britain's Royal International Horse Show?
2. Which event was won by Mrs Emil Zatopek in the 1952 Olympics?
3. Where are the Motor-cycle Tourist Trophy races held?
4. With what sports do you associate (a) the Harlem Globetrotters, (b) Moscow Dynamo, (c) the Brooklyn Dodgers?
5. What would you award as referee, if a soccer player tried to kick a ball held by the goalkeeper?
6. How big a lead is necessary to enforce "the follow-on" in a cricket match of three days or more?
7. Who was England's cricket captain in the Fourth Test against India recently?
8. Who was the record scorer in the 1958 World Soccer Cup?
9. Who is the odd man out: Tony Trabert, Lew Hoad, Vic Seixas, Ashley Cooper?
10. Which great all-rounder played football and cricket for England and once held the world long jump record?

(Answers on Page 17)

HURRICANE BY PAUL GALLICO



Here it is at last! From secret Air Ministry files... from the backrooms of Hawkers comes a master storyteller's most wonderful story. Here are the tales of the men who made her... pilots who flew the G.O.s who sent her into action. Here is revealed the backstage battle of the aircraft the critics said would never leave the ground. It is a story for every man and every woman. It is Gallico at his very best.

IN THIS WEEK'S

SUNDAY POST-HERALD

Weekend League Lawn Bowls

IRC 'A' CAN ASSURE THEMSELVES OF TITLE THIS AFTERNOON

Indian Recreation Club "A" can assure themselves of the First Division lawn bowls league title this afternoon by defeating Craigongower Cricket Club on their own green by any margin.

With only five more games to go, the Indians are now 10½ points ahead of second-placed Recreio "A," and 12½ points above third-placed Kowloon Dock Club, who still have one game in hand.

A 4-1 or a 3-2 victory this afternoon for the Indians will mean that they can even afford to lose one of their four remaining games—against KCC, Recreio "A," Talook and KCC—without jeopardising their chances of winning the league.

The Valley Club were the victors in the first encounter between the two teams a few weeks back, but this afternoon, green advantage will undoubtedly swing the balance well into the favour of the potential champions.

The Indian Club's three youthful leads have so far given brilliant performances when playing at home, and if they can reproduce the same form today and a reasonable amount of support is forthcoming from the No. 2's a 4-1 or even a 5-0 win for this side is more than likely, as the Indians three and a half have so far shown themselves to be consistent performers.

Craigongower will have to produce well near their best form to repeat their earlier victory over the Indians, but on their current display, I feel that they may have to fight extremely hard to escape a 5-0 defeat.

In other first division games, Recreio "A" and Kowloon Dock Club should be able to take at least four points from Kowloon Cricket Club and Talook Club to keep themselves within striking distance of the Indians, should the latter sustain an upset defeat.

The closest match of the afternoon will probably be that between Recreio "B" and KCC at King's Park. The Portuguese Club lost narrowly by 3-2 in their first meeting and with green advantage in their favour this afternoon, they will have a grand opportunity of avenging that defeat.

HKFC Extended?

Filipino Club, on their present form are likely to be much too good for IRC "B" in their game at Kowloon Bowling Green Club. In the second division, virtual champions Hongkong Football Club may be extended in their home match against Filipino Club, but a defeat for them is very unlikely. Another fur point to the HKFC total are indicated.

By ROBERT TAY

Second-placed PRO "A" will also have a hard game on their hands when they entertain the unpredictable HKPSA at Happy Valley.

The Valley Club are the more consistent team and should win, but their colleagues from across the harbour, who have been in the rut in the last few weeks, are fully capable of taking all this afternoon and when they do decide to play good bowls.

The third division programme will see a race for points between Hongkong Electric Club and Indian Recreation Club, the two top contenders for the title. Four Points Ahead As a result of their 4-1 defeat by Stanley Club last week, Hongkong Electric Club are now in a top comfortable position at the top of the league table, being only four points ahead of the challenging Indians.

Both HKEC and IRC collected five points from their respective opponents, KBGC and Talook in their first-round home games and although both of them should again win their games this afternoon, one of them may probably be the richer by one valuable point. The Electric Club may find it beyond them to collect the maximum points from the Bowling Club.

Semi-Finals Of Colony Open

Rinks Tomorrow: The Colony Open lawn bowls championships approach their concluding stages with the play-off of the semi-finals of the rinks event tomorrow.

At Kowloon Bowling Green Club, the Recreio four of G. A. Gutierrez, G. A. Noronha, C. P. Busto and C. E. Roza-Perera will be pitted against Talook's "harmonic" combination of W. C. Hayward, J. Bolton, J. McCaffrey and C. McLennan and at Hongkong Football Club, Craigongower's P. Manson, A. M. L. Soares, A. E. Coates and G. A. Souza will take on W. C. A. Coelho, W. Hong Sling and T. E. Baker. In the first match, the Recreio four are on paper the stronger side and are likely to get through. A close fight is expected in the second semi-final, but the superiority of the front men in the KCC four gives them a slight edge on the CCC four.

Latest Positions The following are the latest positions in the various events of the Colony Open Lawn Bowls Championships:

SINGLES Semi-finals to be played on Wednesday, August 12, starting at 5.30 p.m. are: At HKFC: F. Lee (CCC) v. G. A. Souza (CCC). At KBGC: R. F. da Luz (Recreio) v. M. B. Hazz (IRC).

PAIRS Semi-finalists are: F. D. Angus and W. Williamson (KBGC), A. P. Pereira and C. E. Roza-Perera (Recreio), W. C. Hayward and A. E. Coates (KCC) and G. F. Leslie and E. J. Liddell (KBGC). Draw for semi-finals to be made.

TRIPLES Quarter-final matches to be played by mutual arrangement

on or before Friday, August 14, are:

At KBGC: A. G. Skewch, A. W. Lapsley, A. E. Elliott (KCC) v. H. Lapsley (KCC), D. L. Edwards (HKFC), J. Hosen (IRC).

At CCC: A. H. Seemin, M. B. Hassan, O. R. Sadick (IRC) v. W. S. Collier, F. C. Phang, H. Riddale (HKFC). At HKFC: W. C. Young, F. Lee, C. C. Ma (CCC) v. G. Jeffries, A. Gray, S. Bicheno (KBGC).

RINKS Semi-final matches to be played tomorrow at 4 p.m. are: At KBGC: G. A. Gutierrez, G. A. Noronha, C. P. Busto, C. E. Roza-Perera (Recreio) v. W. C. Hayward, J. Bolton, J. McCaffrey, C. McLennan (Talook). At HKFC: P. Manson, A. M. L. Soares, A. E. Coates, G. A. Souza (CCC) v. W. Baker, G. A. Coelho, W. Hong Sling, T. E. Baker (KCC).

Gored By A Bull



The world's No. 1 matador, Luis Miguel Dominguin, lies in hospital in Madrid, after he had been gored by a bull. By his bed is his wife, former Italian actress Lucia Boga.

Dominguin, 32, one-time escort of Ava Gardner, was fighting on the same hill at Valencia as his brother-in-law and greatest rival, Antonio Ordonez, 27, when the bull caught him in the stomach.

He is expected to be out of action nearly three weeks and will lose more than £20,000 on missed fights.

The Scorned Skipper Inspires Yorkshire

The thick-set, ruggedly handsome chemical manufacturer whom the critics had acidly dubbed "The Caretaker Captain" lit his pipe. Then cautiously, deliberately, as if every word was worth its weight in top-grade Bradford wool, he said: "I shall carry on until Yorkshire no longer want me."

By JOHN REED

John Ronald Burnet, treated with scorn and suspicion by certain cricket professionals when he was appointed captain in 1957, need have no worries about his cricket future. Yorkshire's country committee do want him. Indefinitely.

They have asked him to stay on as skipper when his two-season stretch ends in September.

Right Man

That's not surprising. Once more the smile of success has swept across England's broad shires, and even though champions Surrey wiped it off abruptly at Bradford, Yorkshire can hold up its willing head again—proudly and defiantly. Yet only a year ago gloom and depression hovered over Yorkshire. The sensational Wardle affair had rent the cricket world.

Yorkshire "sacked" England left-arm spinner Johnnie Wardle last August.

Johnnie, the happy-go-lucky clown of cricket, dropped his jovial mask. Accusations were followed by counter-accusations. Dressing-room feuds, swearing and cussing on the field, bitter wrangling among players the sad, sordid story spilled over, spreading its infection throughout cricket.

In their report of the 1958 season, Yorkshire's committee had accused their players of "lack of determination." And by the end of last season the team had drifted to 11th place in the county championship.

This was the atmosphere into which Burnet, a Bradford League club cricketer for 20 years, had been plucked with, it was hinted, the distasteful task of "taming" the rebellious elements in the side.

No Trouble

"My appointment came as a great shock. My father had always hoped that I might captain Yorkshire, and I had led the Minor Counties team to the championship, but I never expected the promotion," he told me as we dined in a hotel lounge.

"I was happy to join the side I had played with in the second team. They knew the form and this season I have had no trouble at all."

"Of course, as with any team, sometimes it is necessary to show who is skipper, but so far my task has been easier than I anticipated."

"I don't want any player who is not enjoying his cricket. We are now playing sound cricket and have shown that we are ready to attack when it is necessary," he said.

The skipper presented a broad defensive blade which I tossed him up a goosy question on the subject of Wardle. He would say "now" except "Wardle is a great bowler — and it is difficult to replace a top-class left-arm spinner."

Did he feel he was still being "carried" by the rest of the side? That I reminded him, was the humiliating lament thrown at him by Wardle last summer.

A Job To Do

"I have never pretended to be a first-class cricketer. I am doing it to the best of my ability."

"Yorkshire, you know, have had captains in the past who were not really top-class players."

"Naturally, it worries me a little that I have had a lean spell with the bat, but every player goes through that phase. I'm hoping to snap out of it soon."

Burnet's average last season was 14.42—470 runs in 35 innings. This season he has scored only 249 runs in 21 innings. And his bowling is guaranteed to give even tail-enders confidence.

Yet, when he was most needed—Yorkshire were struggling to avert defeat by Nottinghamshire at Middlesbrough last April—he hit a defiant 47. And Yorkshire went on to win a match they had seemed certain of losing.

It is not as an all-rounder that this chunky industrialist has lifted his team out of trouble as deep as a Yorkshire pot-hole.

Respected

The other county captains like and respect him because he took on the most unenviable job in county cricket. And he is a triumphant success.

The county committee are delighted. Says Mr. Clifford Housh, county selector who was chairman of the committee that made Burnet skipper:



RON BURNET...combines iron discipline with a shrewd sense of humour.

stormy years ago: "We knew that Burnet had built up a brilliant Colts side and that most of them had moved up into the county team."

"We decided that Burnet was the right man for the job."

"And he has done for Yorkshire what he did for the Colts. The team spirit is terrific. The youngsters have all responded to his leadership."

Ron Burnet may not have the playing ability of some of cricket's leading captains, but he has achieved success by combining the iron hand of discipline with a shrewd native sense of humour.

Let me illustrate it. Not long ago he went on to bowl in a friendly match against a League side in Yorkshire. Twice he had been swung to the boundary. Commented fearless Freddie Trueman ("Freddie and I get on very well; he's a character and cricket needs his type," says Burnet):

"If the bowler like that they'll hit thee out o' t' cloist' (field)."

The team roared with laughter. Loudest of all was Skipper. He appreciated the joke, too.

Caretaker captain? Not now. I call him Captain Courageous.

POP—Little Nipper



BIT THE DUSTMAN



GOING TO HAVE HIM DEPOSED



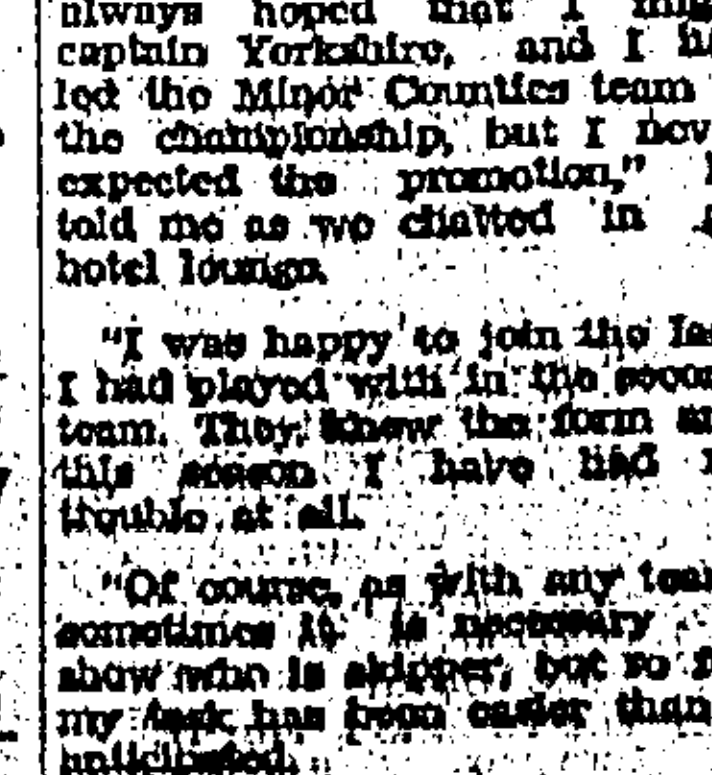
By Gog



In China they say



In Hong Kong they say



Sports Diary

TODAY

Boxing
1st Division: KCC v Recreio "A" at 4 p.m. 2nd Division: KCC v Recreio "B" at 4 p.m. 3rd Division: KCC v Recreio "C" at 4 p.m. 4th Division: KCC v Recreio "D" at 4 p.m. 5th Division: KCC v Recreio "E" at 4 p.m. 6th Division: KCC v Recreio "F" at 4 p.m. 7th Division: KCC v Recreio "G" at 4 p.m. 8th Division: KCC v Recreio "H" at 4 p.m. 9th Division: KCC v Recreio "I" at 4 p.m. 10th Division: KCC v Recreio "J" at 4 p.m.

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Our Softballers Prove The Truth Of Will And Way

Congratulations... hearty, hearty congratulations... to the Hongkong Softball Association. This energetic, yet often criticised, body has proved to all and sundry that there is still a wealth of truth in the old saying that 'if there's a will there's a way'.

Late yesterday afternoon an official party representing the Association embarked on the SS Szechuen for Taiwan. An ambition of long standing has at last been fulfilled for, as far as it can be established, this is the first official Hongkong Softball squad ever to make an overseas tour.

I have no idea what shortcomings—if any—the team may have as far as playing ability is concerned but I am assured it will lack nothing in determination, in enthusiasm, and in the desire to do well in the Hongkong Softball Association... but neither will it lack anything in glamour for our temporary representatives are LADIES.

A Great Credit

This venture is a great credit to all who manage the affairs of the diamond in our midst.

For a long time plans have been hopelessly hatched and then regrettably cast aside. This has generally been due to the many difficulties that confront a truly amateur body which cannot command a lucrative income at its turnstiles because, to tell the truth, the biggest obstacle in the way of any overseas softball project has always been money.

Even when dollars are the problem there need be no prolonged doldrums provided there is a fresh breeze of enthusiasm to move things along.

The HKASA has shown great enterprise in taking up the challenge and the ladies who have gone to Taiwan, to repay several visits from their counterparts on that Island, are, we hope, the forerunners of many more touring teams from Hongkong to neighbouring territories.

Well done, the Softball Association... and good luck, ladies... till 'em over the fence!

Some of our sporting organisations are as touchy as a cat's paw.

Frankly this is sometimes amusing for, while one can shower praise on them till they purr like contented kittens, it only requires a word or two of criticism—however justified—to set them fur on end.

You will recall that last week I made mention of certain unworthy actions and words by the representative of the HKASA at the Council Meeting which followed the AGM of the Amateur Sports Federation and Olympic Committee of Hongkong.

'In Error' According to one indignant senior official of the AAA I was 'in error' in giving Mr McMahon the status of 'representative'.

Let me give you the facts and you can judge the extent of my error for yourself. At the AGM of the Olympic Committee the HKASA was officially represented by TWO officials: Messrs Gurevitch and McMahon, but, at the Council Meeting which followed, it was officially represented by Mr Gurevitch alone in accordance with the appropriate constitution.

It has always been the policy—and a good one—of the Olympic Committee to hold its council meetings as an open forum with members of the sport-minded public and the press in attendance. Mr A. de O. Silva, the Chairman, made the point to me that these meetings should be a source of education to all who are interested in the correct management of the sport.

As Private Individual In the past permission has been given for non-council members to speak at these meetings. When Mr McMahon asked the chairman for leave to address the council, he was denied as a private individual although he was, formerly, the accredited council representative of the HKASA.

The Amateur Athletic Association has very correctly dissociated itself officially from both the context and principles of the remarks made to the meeting by Mr McMahon. In the circumstances—and in it he was not currently their official Council representative—it is what he had said had been spread widely instead of the irresponsible utterance we now know it to be.

As I write this article there is a tattered old scrapbook by my elbow. The page I am looking at is covered by press material which was printed almost exactly forty years ago and right in the middle of it there is a picture of a fine young pugilist... a champion.

Forty Years Ago He looks every inch a fighter. Judging by the accumulation of press cuttings around the picture the sportswriters of 1919 thought so too, and even the passage of time, and the leather tattoo which every boxer must withstand, cannot hide a likeness, well-known and respected in Hongkong today. The Young Champion in the

fairness to Mr Gurevitch—that was the only thing the three As could do. In view of the outrageous comments that were made the officials will earn the respect of the sporting public for their prompt disclaimer. If only because the strength of the Olympic Committee is closely related to the loyalty, unity and support of its affiliated members.

Any suggestion of a break-away movement would do the greatest damage to the present and future progress of the ASF & OC, but one can only wonder if the HKASA would have shown the same anxiety to disclaim one of its number—even

newspaper pictures is, of course, our good friend Billy Tingle. I suggested last week that my goodwill message to Billy from the Graham family in Sydney would send him searching down memory lane.

It did just that and a couple of days ago Billy confronted me with one of his record books... first clash Billy was the flyweight champion of New South Wales while Graham held the bantam title of Queensland.

Judging by the press material which I have read it seems as though some of the experts expected a Graham victory but, after a grand battle which won the acclaim of a packed stadium, Billy Tingle's persistent and powerful punching proved too much for the Queensland Champion and his manager threw in the towel during the eighth round.

That bout took place in May 1919 and so great was the reaction of the boxing public that immediate efforts were made to re-match the two territorial champions. The Tingle interests were naturally all in favour of it as they believed that what Billy had done once he could do again while on the other hand Graham and his advisers were just as confident that their man could turn the tables and claim a victory. Unlike the champions of today both Tingle and Graham were guided by honorary managers!

Return Bout Again the Stadium of Brisbane was the venue but few of the thousands of fans who packed the arena could have foreseen the unusual circumstances and thrills which were to follow once the fight got started. Let me tell you what the press had to say about it. According to one reporter the boys seemed very apprehensive of each other and showed too much mutual respect in the opening round. They carried this into the second round and the referee eventually stepped between them and stopped the bout.

the one which contained the reports of his two great fights with Bobby Graham... forty years ago. Both bouts took place at Brisbane Stadium and Billy was the victor each time. When the boys entered the ring for their

Photo shows Jean Behra driving at speed—London Express photo.

The "Wall Of Death" Claims A Victim



Jean Behra, the man who took Mike Hawthorn's place as leader of the Ferrari team and later resigned after a disagreement, was killed last Saturday on the race track that Grand Prix drivers have been calling the "Wall of Death." Popular, chunky, dark-haired Behra of France was driving hard in the sports car race at the German Grand Prix meeting on the incredibly fast Avus circuit. The surface was greasy with rain. Suddenly as he entered the Northern bend, which is banked so steeply that no human can walk up it, his Porsche went into a spin. Wildly the car careered up the banking. Then it tipped and crashed into a flag post. It was on fire before anyone could reach it. Behra, who had been thrown over the banking, was bundled into an ambulance, but was dead before he reached hospital.

Photo shows Jean Behra driving at speed—London Express photo.

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

because they were not willing to fight. This caused an uproar in the crowd. All sorts of strange things happened and so great was the outcry that, after a break of fully ten minutes, it was decided that the fight should be resumed where it was stopped.

The fighting thereafter is reported as first class with thrills and powerful punching aplenty. Most of the punches—but certainly not all of them—started at Tingle's end and travelled towards Graham's head and body. Pace, power and stamina stamped Tingle as a real champion and it was no surprise when the referee stepped between the boys in the 15th round and raised Billy's hand in token of victory thus saving a fellow opponent from unnecessary punishment—says a contemporary press report.

..... and so you see how an unexpected telephone call I received in Sydney opened the way to a most interesting story about a man who nowadays we take so much for granted.

Champion Of Orient I wonder how many of those who regularly meet Billy Tingle in the street realise that he was Flyweight Champion of Australia, Bantamweight Champion of the Orient, and, that in spite of being many pounds under the weight, he was considered good enough to fight for the Featherweight Championship of the Orient..... that he was internationally regarded as a worthy opponent for the great Pancho Villa..... and that positive offer were made to match him with the immortal Jimmy Wilde, probably the greatest fighter, pound for pound, who ever stepped into the open square.

Incidentally, Billy should also have added the Orient Flyweight title to his imposing collection for although he went to Manila and thrashed Friken Concepcion, the reigning champion, by the pro-

verbal mile—as his victory was described in the 'Times'—he forfeited the real fruits of his success as he had weighed-in above the stipulated eight stone limit. I don't know if Billy has ever considered writing his memoirs but I know I spent several delightful hours reading through his scrapbook—I wish I could have shared the pleasure more fully with you all. It is a thrilling and authentic record of sporting achievement which stretches far beyond the perimeter of the boxing ring.

Thank you, George Graham in Australia for the key to a grand glory.... and thank you, Billy Tingle for this excursion down memory lane.

JIMMY LANGRIDGE GETS THE SACK AFTER SERVING SUSSEX FOR 36 YEARS

By ARCHIE QUICK

London. There were tears in Jimmy Langridge's eyes as he drove his home in his car from the Sussex County Cricket Club's ground at Hove. He had just been sacked after 36 years service as ground staff boy, professional, captain and coach.

"I want no dirty linen washed," he told me. "The County Committee decided they wanted a coaching change, but it is a bit of a blow after all these years to be told that I am out after it had been given to the public. I had an inkling this was happening, but no official intimation was given to me, although I believe it was general knowledge in Hove. I resent the language. I have something in view, but I do not wish to leave Brighton where I have all my roots. My contract ends in March. I believe he and his brother, umpire John, will concentrate on an indoor school they have at Hove."

Empty 'Nursery' While I always admired Jimmy as a sterling Sussex yeoman, a great all-rounder and a cricketer with eight England Test appearances to his credit, I have not agreed with his coaching system, and it is a fact that not only has not one good young cricketer been produced locally during his regime, but he will be leaving an empty 'nursery.' Sussex are at the bottom of the Championship table, and their prospects of finding new talent are meagre, but the Chairman of Committee, ex-player Keith Wilson, insists that this is not the reason for the sacking of Langridge. As I say, to my mind Jimmy has not produced the goods, but I was very glad as I got out of his car, for the Langridges—like the Parks and Cornfords and Gilligans—were an integral part of Sussex cricket.

At A Low Ebb Langridge's successor will be George Cox, another county stalwart of the past. At 48 years of age he is five years younger than Langridge, and in going to Hove he will have to sacrifice a lucrative position at Winchester, where he has for the last four years

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Mr. Hugh Wiley and Nautical.
2. The Javelin.
3. Isle of Man.
4. (a) Basketball, (b) Soccer, (c) Baseball.
5. Indirect free-kick for dangerous play.
6. 150 runs.
7. M.C. Cowdrey.
8. Jules Fautouille of France.
9. 13 goals.
10. Vic Seixas. He is the only amateur.

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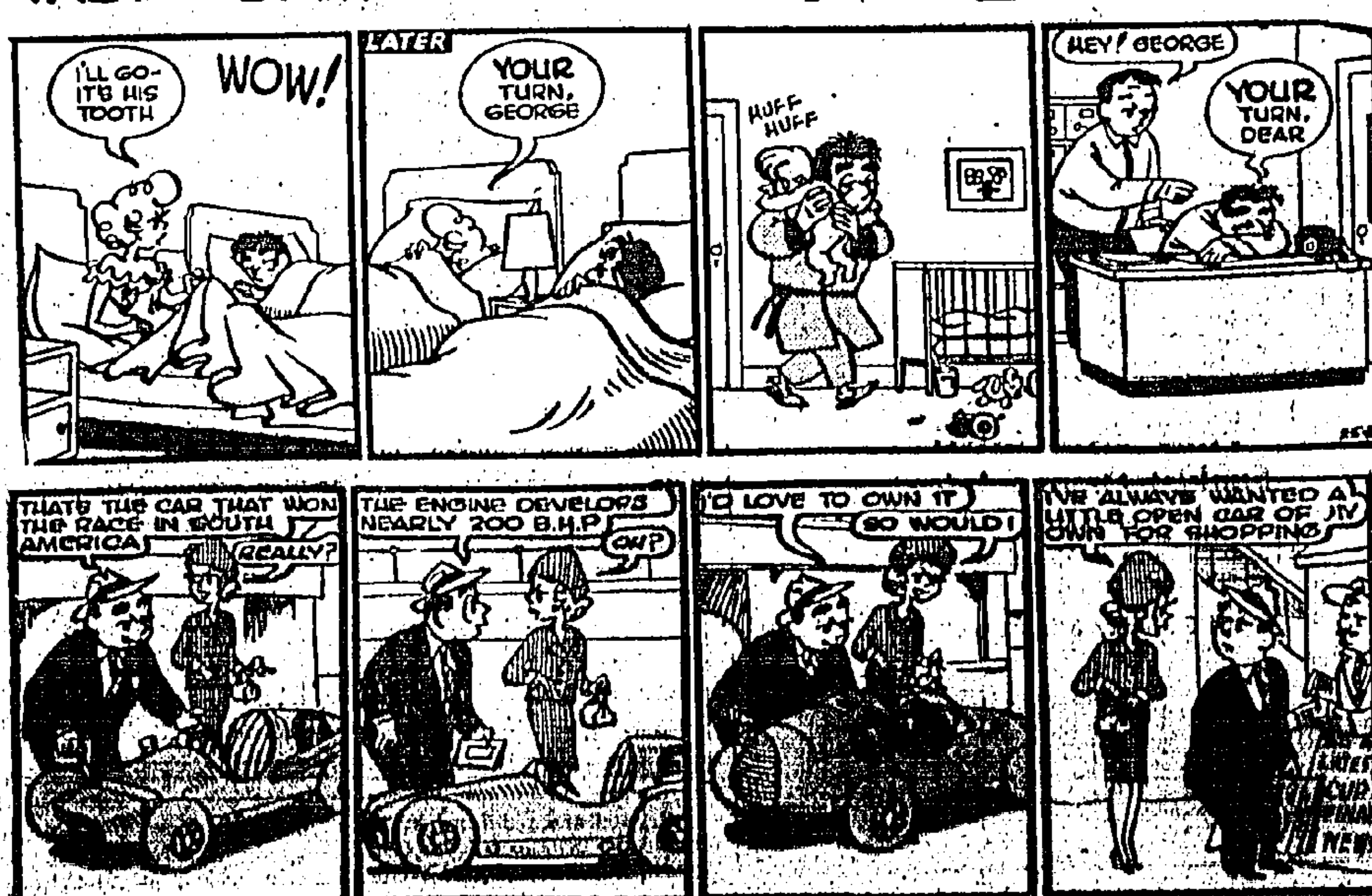
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THE GAMBOLS... By Barry Appleby



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SHEAFFERS
Skip

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Supplies Dropped In Laos Guerilla War

By BRUCE RUSSELL
Over Sam Neua Province, Northern Laos,
Aug. 7.
I flew today on a supply-dropping mission over the mountainous jungle frontier regions between North Vietnam and Laos, where rebels are fighting a guerilla war against loyal Laotian forces.

SERIOUS OIL FIRE IN KUWAIT

Tehran, Aug. 7.
Several persons were reported dead today in a multi-million dollar oil fire in the Persian Gulf sheikdom of Kuwait.

Reports reaching here said the fire broke out at an offshore oil well being explored by a Japanese firm. The reports said several persons were killed when flames—instead of oil—suddenly gushed from one of the wells under exploration. Damage was estimated at several million dollars. A spokesman for the Pan American Oil Company here said Fred Adair, a special oil fire fighting expert, left for Kuwait to help fight the blaze and should arrive there tomorrow. Pan American was also sending special drilling equipment needed on the scene.—UPI.

FIGHTING TALK IN TEXAS

Austin, Texas, Aug. 7.
One state legislator slugged another on the floor of the Texas House yesterday in a dispute over a resolution denouncing the proposed visit of Nikita Khrushchev to Texas. It was the second fight in two days in the Texas House. Rep. Jerry Sadler delivered a right to the chest of Rep. Louis Dugas before three Sergeants-at-Arms pulled him off and pinned his arms. Dugas proposed the resolution. It stated Mr. Khrushchev would be unwelcome in Texas. Sadler led the opposition, and it failed.—UPI.

TRAVELLERS

Henderson, Tenn., Aug. 7.
U. W. Garland reported yesterday that he's playing host to a nest of baby wrens who have travelled 600 miles and still can't fly. The nest is in the florist's delivery truck.—UPI.

This Funny World



"Weren't you people supposed to have vanished?"

AUSTRALIA LEAD ITALY 2-0

Philadelphia, Aug. 7.
Rod Laver and Nicola Pietrangeli, Italy's No. 1 player, 6-4, 2-6, 6-3, 6-3, and then Laver, a blond, defeated six-foot-seven-inch Orlando Sirola, 19-17, 1-6, 6-3, 6-4. The first set between Laver and Sirola was one of the longest played in years, and took an hour and 31 minutes.—UPI.

Selangor Badminton Matches

Kuala Lumpur, Aug. 7.
Erland Kops of Denmark and Lio Po Djan of Indonesia today qualified for the semi-final round of the men's singles in the Selangor open badminton championships.

Kops grounded Omar Ibrahim of Malaya 15-2, 15-9 while Djan just managed to edge out Triloknath Seth of India in a classic three-set struggle. In the men's doubles, Njoo Kim Eie and Tan King Guan of Indonesia qualified for the semi-finals by defeating Abdullah Piruz and Gopzapa of Malaya 15-6, 15-12. Kops and Ong Poh Lim of Malaya also qualified by beating Foo Weng Khenn and Wong Poh Keng of Malaya 15-8, 15-8.

Seth and Miss Ruby Annase were given a walkover in the quarter-final round of the mixed doubles.—AFP.

Radar Sees Around Curve Of Earth

Washington, Aug. 7.
The United States Navy today announced it was developing a new radar-like system which can "see" round the curve of the earth's circumference and find a battleship almost as soon as it is launched 5,000 miles away. The navy announcement said the programme of development, named Project Tropic, has been under way for about two and a half years, and was being carried out by the Office of Naval Research. Dr. Wilham Thaler of that office told a press conference that successful tests in detection were made during the high-altitude nuclear missile experiments over the South Atlantic and mid-Pacific.—Reuter.

Block Eater

Memphis, Aug. 7.
Ten-month-old Ross Pritchard Jr. has already digested enough political details to stump a veteran precinct worker. While his mother was working on telephone lists for a city election campaign, Ross made a snack from his ptyope. He ate three blocks of a precinct before his mother caught him.—UPI.

Essex-Gloucester Match Ends In Exciting Draw

London, Aug. 7.
HIGH excitement was seen at Leyton today as the Essex-Gloucestershire county cricket championship match seasawed crazily during the last hour—and finally ended in a tie just two minutes before the scheduled close.

Wicked, Wicked Ways Of Flynn

New York, Aug. 7.
Film star Errol Flynn said today he plans to make his soon-to-be-published autobiography, "My Wicked Ways," into a film which will have a part for his "good friend," starlet Beverly Adland.

The 50-year-old actor and Miss Adland, who described herself as "over 21," have been an inseparable couple about town since their return from Cuba where Flynn produced a film entitled "The Cuban Rebel Girl." Miss Adland also had a role in that production. But the couple denied that they have plans for matrimony. In an interview at Flynn's midtown hotel suite, Flynn said that "it didn't seem logical to discuss marriage" "since I'm already married." However, he said attorneys were trying to work out a divorce agreement for him and his estranged wife, the former Patricia Wymore.

VERY UNIQUE

"And anyway, Beverly has some very unique ideas about marriage," Flynn said. "That's why I haven't discussed it with her." "It means that I think anybody who gets married is a complete idiot," said Miss Adland. "I wouldn't marry him if he were a bodbug, but I have great respect for Errol. He's a wonderful actor and a wonderful man and always has treated me as a lady." "And I think she's quite attractive," Flynn added. "It's amazing. Sometimes she looks as though she's 12 years old, and sometimes she can look 35." The actor-producer said he plans to film his autobiography in Europe. The book will be published this autumn by G. P. Putnam's Sons, he said. "That's the company that published 'Lolita,'" Flynn said.—UPI.

A JOKER

Indianapolis, Aug. 7.
Prisoners at the county jail refused to volunteer for out-of-gal work details yesterday because they said, the man who takes them to and from the job "is a poor driver" and "jokes too much."—UPI.

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WARWICK LEFT LITTLE TIME TO SCORE

Birmingham, Aug. 7.
The Indian cricketers and Warwickshire drew here today after Warwickshire made a token attempt at scoring the required 170 runs in 70 minutes for victory.

Scores: Warwickshire 350 for eight declared and 92 for six, Indians 284 and 241 for three declared. The mostly uneventful day's play was highlighted by some fine batting by Mike Smith after the tourists had dawdled to 241 for three before declaring. Compared with the humdrum batting of the tourists during most of the day, Smith's onslaught came as a light relief to a good holiday crowd. He hit seven fours for four off successive deliveries from Surendra Nath.

STROKE PLAY

Warwickshire were never in trouble though they lost six wickets for 92. Still 47 behind at the start of the day, the Indians concentrated on keeping their wickets intact. Nari Contractor's crisp stroke play was a feature of the pre-lunch play. This fine sweeping and cutting brought him 11 fours in his 73 in over three hours—top score and longest stay of the innings—while Arvind Apte (33) and Chandrakant Borse (20) also collected careful half centuries.—Reuter.

REDIFFUSION

H.K.T. 10.30 a.m. Festival of Waltzes; 11. Morning Melody—Earl Wild and Norman Clouston; 11.20. Soames Forgive Enquire; 12. Noon Tune; 12.30 a.m. Composer; 1.30. Words and Music—John Grant; 2. Time and News; 3.00. Weather, Announcements and Interviews; 3.15. From the Theatre; 4.30. Rhythm Parade—Francis Quintel and Pae Wee Huan's Orch.; 5. Unit Requests—Victory Wives; 6. Birthday Mailbox; 6.15. Meet the Stars—Fatti Fatti; 6.30. King Cole; 7. Jazzed Round—Music of L. Waters; 7.15. Prepared and presented by Jack Sinclair; 7.30. Words and Music—John Grant; 8. Time and News; 8.00. Weather, Announcements and Interviews; 8.15. From the Theatre; 8.30. Rhythm Parade—Francis Quintel and Pae Wee Huan's Orch.; 9. Unit Requests—Victory Wives; 9.15. Birthday Mailbox; 9.30. Meet the Stars—Fatti Fatti; 9.45. King Cole; 10. Jazzed Round—Music of L. Waters; 10.15. Prepared and presented by Jack Sinclair; 10.30. Words and Music—John Grant; 11. Time and News; 11.00. Weather, Announcements and Interviews; 11.15. From the Theatre; 11.30. Rhythm Parade—Francis Quintel and Pae Wee Huan's Orch.; 11.45. Unit Requests—Victory Wives; 12. Midnight. Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. Highway Patrol; 2.30. Eddie Cantor Show; 3.15. Virginia Field in "The Hypocrite"; 3.30. Cantonese Feature: "The Thirteen Heroes Part 1"; 4.30. Yim-ching; 4.45. Kim-lan; 4.50. Tugboat Annie; 5. Children's Hour; 5.15. The Puppets—Calvin Wong; 5.30. Little Nascals; 5.50. Children's Feature; 6. Close Down; 7.30. Naked City; 8. John McQuinn's "The Man with a Camera"; 8.15. "Goodbye My Lady Love"; 8.30. Band of the Hongkong Police; 8.45. "The Phantom Burglar"; 9.15. "The Phantom Burglar"; 9.30. "The Phantom Burglar"; 9.45. "The Phantom Burglar"; 10. "The Phantom Burglar"; 10.15. "The Phantom Burglar"; 10.30. "The Phantom Burglar"; 10.45. "The Phantom Burglar"; 11. "The Phantom Burglar"; 11.15. "The Phantom Burglar"; 11.30. "The Phantom Burglar"; 11.45. "The Phantom Burglar"; 12. "The Phantom Burglar"; 12.15. "The Phantom Burglar"; 12.30. "The Phantom Burglar"; 12.45. "The Phantom Burglar"; 1. "The Phantom Burglar"; 1.15. "The Phantom Burglar"; 1.30. "The Phantom Burglar"; 1.45. 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